

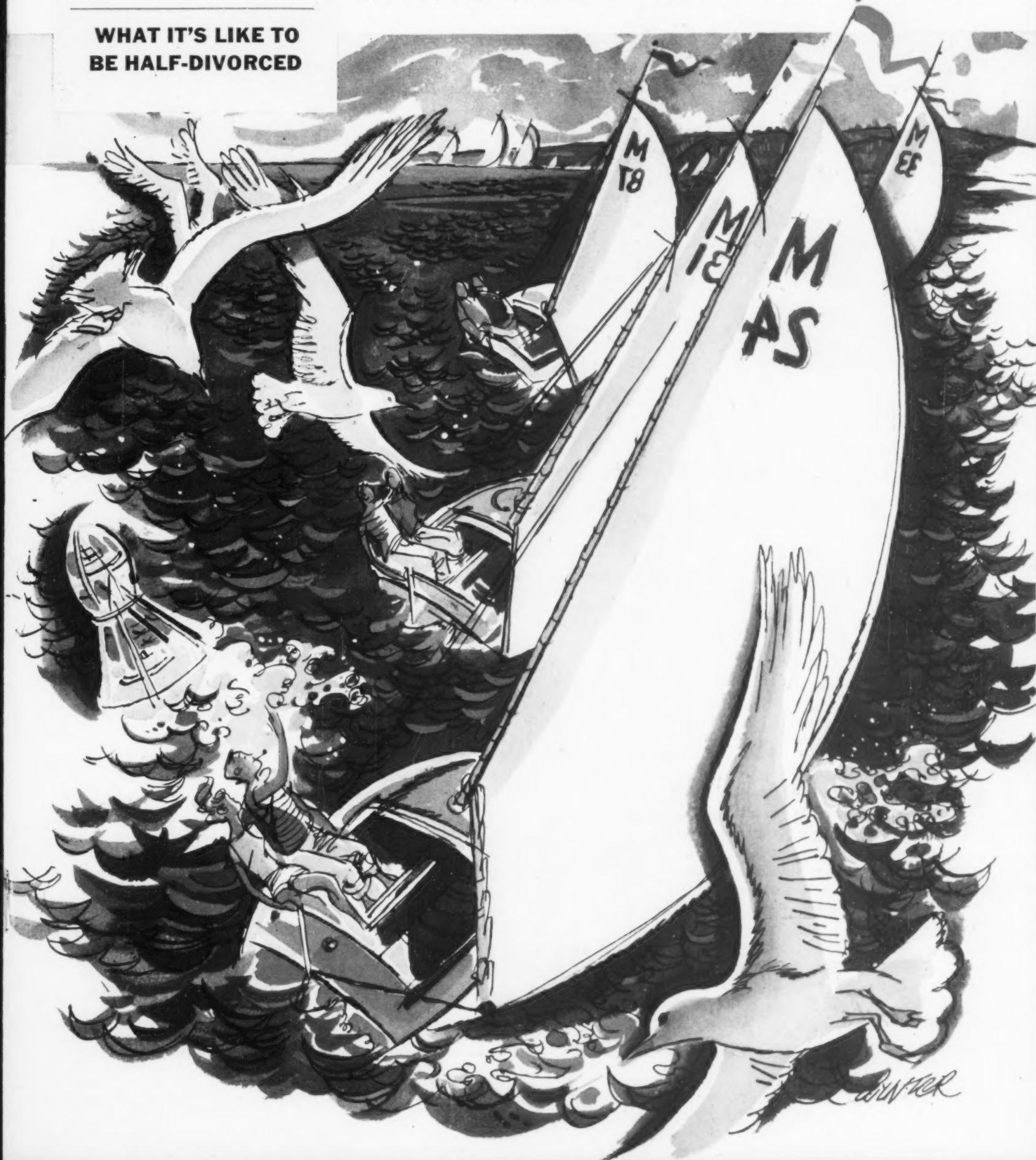
My Small War with the Educators

BY DR. HILDA NEATBY

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE HALF-DIVORCED

MACLEAN'S

JULY 15 1954 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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EDITORIAL

Is the U.S. using Eden as a scapegoat?

Some publications in the United States have lately been attacking Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary. They paint him as an appeaser, a dupe, a coward, almost a fellow-traveler—all because Eden tried harder and did more than anybody else at Geneva to find a basis for settlement between the French and the Communists in Indo-China.

Eden's record is too well-known in this country to need any defense from us. As for his attackers, an editorial line which seems to rank Syngman Rhee above Winston Churchill is silly enough to need no rebuttal in Canada. Nevertheless, before this structure of misrepresentation is built up any higher, it may be well to remind ourselves of a few facts.

In Indo-China the French suffered a military defeat which could only have been averted by massive military reinforcements. No nation, not even France and certainly not the United States, was willing to send those reinforcements. France did appeal for intervention by the U. S. before the fall of Dien Bien Phu, but President Eisenhower wisely ignored some previous big talk by his Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, and refused the French request. Defeat followed.

This was no fault of American foreign policy. In refusing to shed American blood in such a forlorn and rather unsavory cause President Eisenhower showed a wisdom which is endorsed by every Foreign Office in the Western world—or the Eastern either, for that matter. He was perfectly right, but the right course he followed was the same as Eden was following.

Indeed, the same can be said of U. S. foreign policy generally over the past nine years. Everyone has made some mistakes but, by and large, United States policy has been brilliantly conceived, boldly executed and—in the vital areas—successful.

True, it was unable to avoid the unavoidable in China, but in other areas it was triumphant. The Truman Doctrine stopped Communist aggression in Greece, the Berlin Airlift foiled Communist obstruction in Germany, the Marshall Plan saved Western Europe from Communist political assault, and NATO—under the personal leadership of General Eisenhower—brought strength and unity back to a disarmed and disunited community. All these achievements had the hearty co-operation of Britain, but primarily they were fruits of American policy.

Unfortunately the Republican campaign of 1952 repudiated this proud record. Even though the policy had been bipartisan, even though both Eisenhower and Dulles had helped to carry it out, Republican campaigners committed themselves to the myth that U. S. foreign policy had been weak, inept and disastrous. They promised to follow a very different policy with much more glamorous results.

They have not, of course, been able to fulfill this promise. Now the Congressional elections are upon them, and it becomes necessary to find a scapegoat to bear the blame for this failure.

This, we suspect, is the reason behind these recent attacks on Anthony Eden. If Republican policy has been little different from, and rather less successful than, the policies of Truman and Acheson, it's to be the fault of Eden and Churchill. If Mr. Dulles' bold talk has not been backed up by his own or any other country, it's Whitehall at work.

Not many, we trust, will be taken in by this preposterous claptrap.

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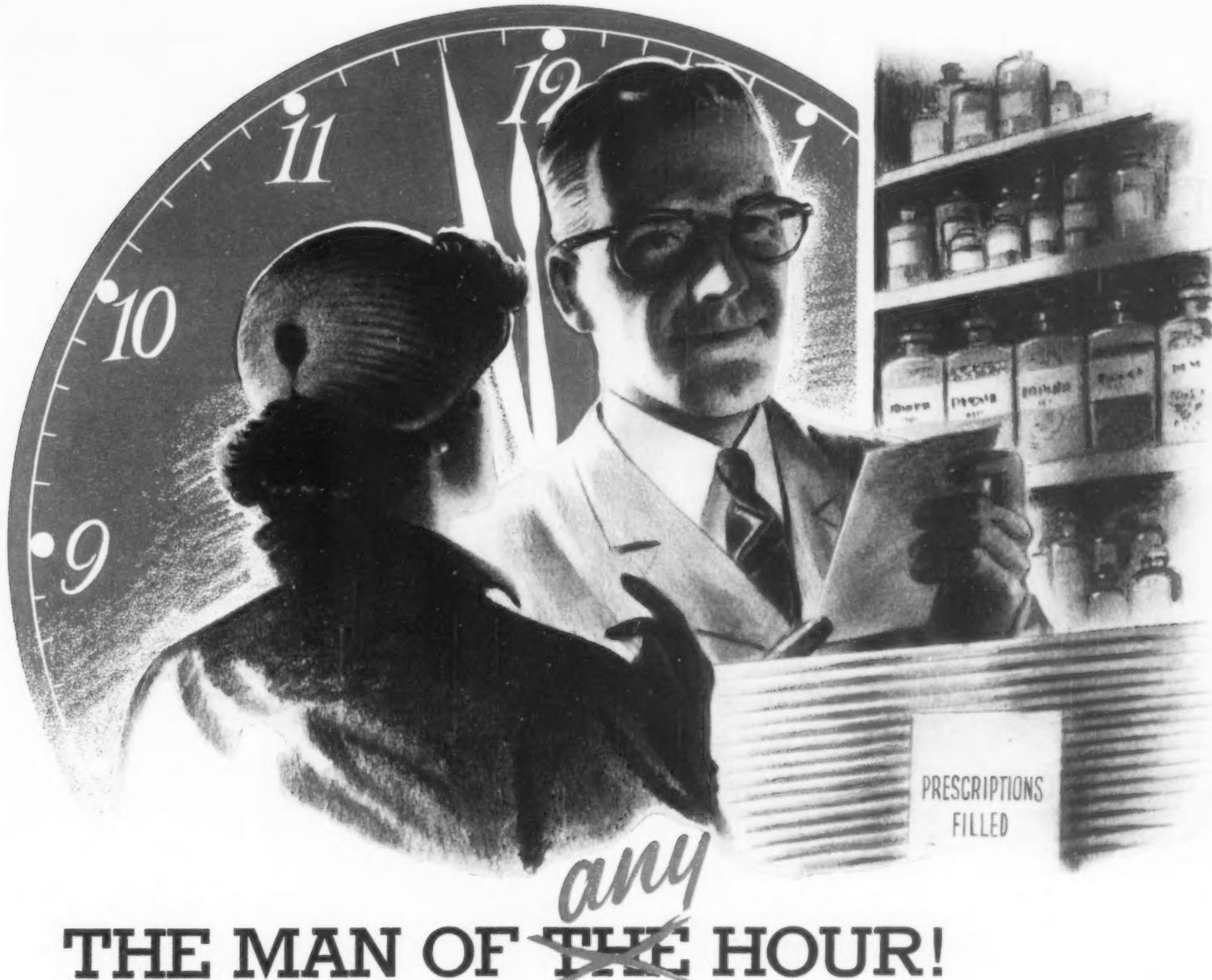
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The majority of accidents due to fatigue occur after long periods of driving. If long distances must be traveled in a day's time, pace yourself to avoid getting tired. If you do feel tired, pull off the road and take a short nap.

The competent driver always

keeps control of his car by traveling at safe speeds. The rate of speed is still the greatest single factor in automobile accidents. If existing speed laws in every province were rigidly observed and enforced, hundreds of lives could be saved every year.

For safer summer driving, here are other precautions to take:

1. Follow other cars at a safe distance. This distance, of course, should be increased at night or when the weather is bad.

2. Always be alert for what other drivers may do, and try to anticipate their possible mistakes.

3. Keep a sharp lookout for pedestrians, especially at night and when passing through congested areas.

4. Have your car regularly and thoroughly checked by a competent mechanic, especially before taking a long trip.

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LONDON LETTER BY *Beverley Baxter*



"We Must Destroy Poverty"

IT WAS in 1937 that Pandit Nehru, on a visit to England, came to the House of Commons to address a private meeting of Conservative MPs. It was not in any spirit of friendliness that we had invited him but merely to have a look at Gandhi's junior partner.

There was nothing mystic about Nehru on the surface. He had fine, handsome features. His eyes were sombre to the point of sadness and never once did he smile. He spoke English not only well but with something akin to perfection. He had, of course, been educated as a boy at Harrow where Winston Churchill had gone many years before.

Calmly he told us that India should be ruled entirely by the Indians and not by the British. He did not refer to the times he had been imprisoned as a revolutionary nor the personal tragedy that had accompanied it. The British had occupied India and held it down by force. The British had exploited India without developing it. The

British had proclaimed the divine right of governing without the consent of the governed. That was his case.

He spoke coldly and we listened coldly. When he had finished he said that he would subject himself to questions. Up rose one of our chaps and, with a voice that was quiet but tinged with anger, said, "We have listened with interest to Mr. Nehru's case. May I ask him if he can think of one thing the British have ever done which might conceivably have been of benefit to his country?"

With the patience of a father answering a child Nehru answered, "Britain has never lacked voices to glorify her. It just happens that my business is to put the case against Britain."

In my time I have encountered many men of destiny but Nehru could see that physically and mentally he was an aristocrat who could have little appeal to the sweating mobs of Bombay. He possessed none of the fire, the showmanship, the humor, the passion or the mysticism of Gandhi. One could not imagine Nehru even looking at a goat—much less making a companion of it.

At that meeting at Westminster, question followed question as the Tories found their tongues. Did Nehru not agree that India, instead of being a nation, was a sub-continent of antagonistic tribes and religions? Had not Britain brought justice to her courts and protection to her minorities? Was it not a fact that Britain had protected India from civil war and invasion?

Nehru listened like a rather tired dormitory master when the boys are being noisy and even foolish. Of course Britain had ruled India well. But India was tired of being ruled. History had passed that point. That was his case.

"When we achieve our freedom," he said, "and India becomes self-governing we shall certainly make mistakes. May I say that every nation is entitled to make its own mistakes?" Thus the old Harrovian summed up the case for India's freedom.

While we were talking in that room overlooking the Thames there was an Austrian named Hitler howling like a maniac at the moon. The great upheaval of World War II was not far off.

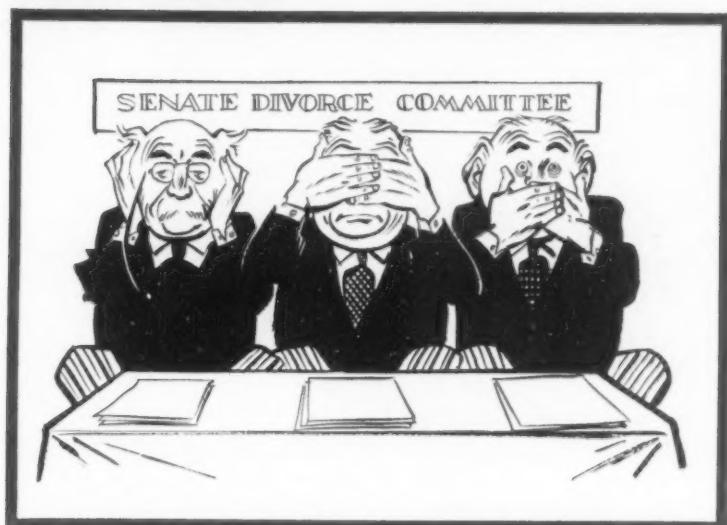
It was left to Clement Attlee as Prime Minister after Hitler's war had ended to give India her freedom. That gallant figure of battle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who had defended India by the Burma campaign, was chosen as the instrument of destiny. Attlee sent him as Viceroy to India with the purpose of finding a way of giving India her freedom while guaranteeing as much as possible the security of Pakistan and the minorities.

It was a thankless task and Mountbatten *Continued on page 44*



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa



The Divorce Committee At Bay

SELDOM has the Senate's Divorce Committee been shown in such an unflattering light as during this past session. Four divorce bills, recommended by the Senate committee and passed by the Senate, were defeated in the Commons after being challenged by CCF members. One of the four was turned by the CCF into an indictment, not only of the petitioner and his witnesses, but of the Senate Divorce Committee itself.

The petitioner was a well-to-do Montrealer. The respondent, his wife, was a cripple who had suffered from polio as a girl and had since had five operations on her spine; she walked with a limp and used a brace. By a separation order from the Quebec Superior Court the husband was paying her \$40 a week to support herself and their child. A divorce, in which the wife was represented as the guilty party, would have ended this alimony payment.

By his own evidence the husband had employed professional investigators several times without finding any evidence of misconduct by his wife. Finally he hired a man who, he said, called on him one day to sell insurance. (CCF members have an affidavit from the insurance company that no such individual ever worked for that company.)

To this self-appointed investigator the husband paid \$750 to "get proof" against his wife. The "detective" recruited a friend to whom the husband paid \$250, plus another \$100 to the original hireling for "expenses." Within a fortnight this pair produced "evidence."

The co-respondent was a man of the same European nationality as the "detective" and, by an odd coincidence, turned out to be the room-

mate of the "detective." All three men testified that on the very night he met the crippled wife, he took her to a hotel—none of them could remember the name of the hotel. On another evening he took her to a cabin at a motel near Montreal, though none of them could remember the name of the motel. There was a third occasion, they said, when he seduced her in his automobile, and the two "detectives" came along and caught them in *flagrante delicto*. This completed the petitioner's case.

THE WIFE'S EVIDENCE was somewhat different. She had met the co-respondent at the home of a family who were friends of her husband. He had offered to drive her home from that party and she accepted; she got home without incident. On another occasion he also offered to drive her home and invited her to stop at a night club for a drink en route. She accepted; otherwise the drive was without incident. On a third occasion he offered to drive her home and, instead, drove to a lonely spot north of Montreal and attempted to rape her—meanwhile tooting his motor horn loudly, at which summons the two "detectives" appeared and looked in the car window.

The wife's family doctor testified that he had examined her on the following day and found her bruised on arms and chest. She told him of the attempted assault; he gave her sedatives to quiet her nerves. Her brother testified that on a previous occasion the husband had threatened to "forge" proof of adultery if she refused to "simulate" it in order to give him a divorce.

On this evidence the Senate Divorce *Continued on page 61*

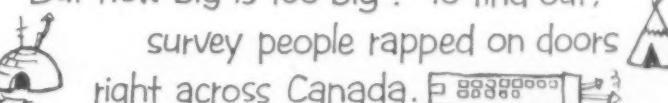
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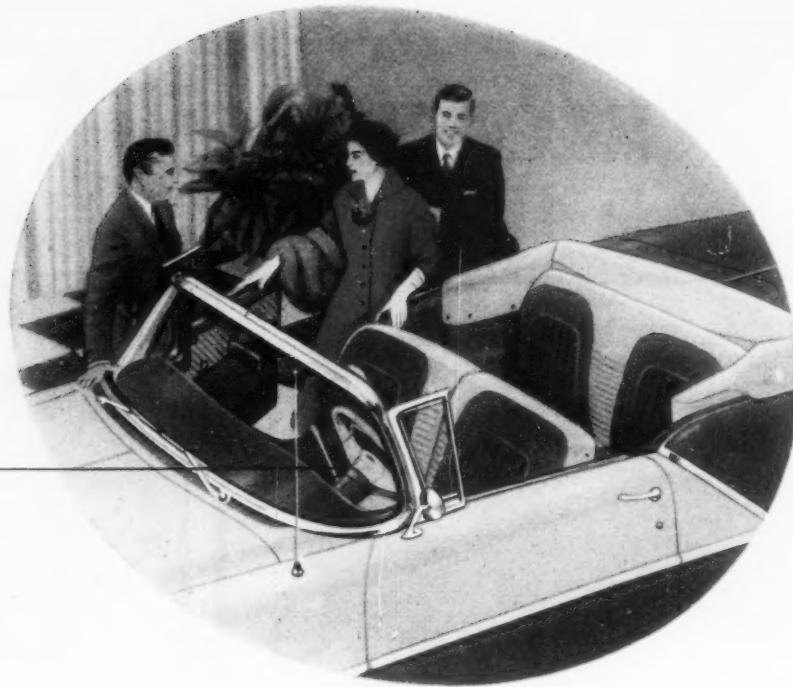
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MY SMALL WAR WITH THE EDUCATORS

BY DR. HILDA NEATBY

Abusive, arrogant, bitter, destructive, hysterical, impious, peevish, tendentious, vulgar . . .

These are some of the things Hilda Neatby's fellow educators have said about her best selling book—So Little For The Mind. Here she replies with asperity, conviction and vigor

WE WELCOME criticism, so long as it's constructive," said a leading Canadian educator and university professor recently.

This response to criticism seems very wise and tolerant until you write it down and look at it. No one really welcomes criticism; sensible people know they will be criticized, they learn to take it in good part and to profit by it if they can. Perhaps they do welcome it in a way; the way that they welcome the verdict of the dentist who tells them he has decided on two large fillings and an extraction.

As for "constructive," what does it mean? To urge a man on his way to rob a bank to provide himself with a mask would be a constructive suggestion; to tell him to go home and forget about it would be destructive criticism—and also excellent advice. What is the mysterious virtue in this word constructive? Sometimes we really need a demolition squad. During the past six months I have learned much about the way in which leading Canadian educators welcome criticism. They have afforded me, as they would say themselves, an educational experience.

For some ten years I have been brooding over the changing educational scene wondering just how good were the changes and wondering, occasionally, just how bright were the scene-shifters. Two or three years ago I began trying to gather my ideas into a book.

Many months before it was published someone asked the inevitable but chilling question, "And who do you think will read it? It doesn't seem to appeal to any special audience." I said boldly that I thought teachers would read it; that teachers were the people who really know what happens in school; that many teachers I knew were anxious and discouraged; and that I depended on their evidence to arouse public interest and concern.

I was entirely, or almost entirely wrong. Many teachers, I know, have read the book, some have



About the Author

Miss Neatby is a professor of history at the University of Saskatchewan. Six months ago she published a book called *So Little For The Mind*, sub-titled *An Indictment of Canadian Education*. Briefly, the book accused Canadian educational leaders of having adopted an artificial modernity which has caused them to lose sight of the school's intellectual purpose; and of having confused themselves and others with false interpretations of democracy, expressed in a strange language called "pedagese." The accusations were supported by numerous quotations from official pronouncements. The book has received considerable attention from the Press and the public. In the article which follows Miss Neatby describes and analyzes the retorts of professional educators.

agreed with it, a few have written to me, and, even more usefully, to the newspapers in support of it. But it was not teachers, but the Press and the public generally that received the book with an enthusiasm which even the vanity of an author cannot attribute to merit alone. The other and true explanation has reached me from every corner of the country. One lady (not a Canadian) wrote simply to say that she approved the book and would have written it herself if she had had time. Many Canadians have written more tactfully, that by putting into words their favorite thoughts I had achieved a subtle form of flattery which they found irresistible.

I cannot say with Byron that I awoke one morning and found myself famous. I can almost say that I awoke and found myself infamous. Not all responded to my flattery. The educational leaders have not remained silent but have indeed revealed surprising linguistic resources in their efforts to express themselves on this odious work.

Through patient and laborious "educational research" I have assembled a list of adjectives applied to the book. For convenience I have arranged them in alphabetic order: abusive, acid, angry, aristocratic, arrogant, unblushingly biased, biting, bitter, confusing, contentious, destructive, diffuse, dishonest, distorted, exaggerated, harsh, hysterical, impious (this is the one I like best), inaccurate, misleading, peevish, pitiful, prejudiced, repetitious, sarcastic, spiteful, spleenetic, strident, tendentious, unbalanced, exasperatingly unclear, unfair, uninformed, unjust, unkind, unscholarly, unscientific, vindictive, virulent, vituperative and vulgar.

The work has also been described as "the most ibidness book I have ever seen" (whatever this means), "warmed-over Plato," "rightly titled *So Little for the Mind*," "a mass of exaggeration, sweeping generalization, personal prejudice and even spitefulness." And yet with all that "its effect . . . will be efficacious" *Continued on page 50*



The smiling Haight family swept 43 prizes in three Saskatchewan livestock shows last summer. Here are Jean, Gail, Ruth, Alan, Anne, Murray, Muriel and Joyce.

4-H And The Haight Family Of Floral, Sask.

This warm and lively story tells
how the eight Haight kids learned rural
leadership and efficiency from the 4-H club and
helped their father turn
a failing farm into a prosperous prize winner

BY ROBERT COLLINS

Photos by Paul Rockett

BY THE END of last summer's annual livestock exhibitions at Saskatoon, North Battleford and Prince Albert, mere mention of the name Haight was enough to spoil any Saskatchewan Holstein cattleman's day. For weeks the Holstein exhibitors had been haunted by Haight.

At Saskatoon in July, Ralph Haight, a mild-mannered 51-year-old farmer from nearby Floral, won six first prizes, three seconds and four thirds with his purebred Holsteins. At North Battleford two weeks later, Haight's cows came home with fifteen awards, including five firsts. Three days after that, at Prince Albert, his cattle took fifteen first prizes. On each occasion a Haight cow was judged senior grand champion female of the show. At various times, all of Ralph Haight's six daughters and two sons, ages 17 to 24, led the Holsteins around the judging rings with a skill that put veteran showmen on their mettle.

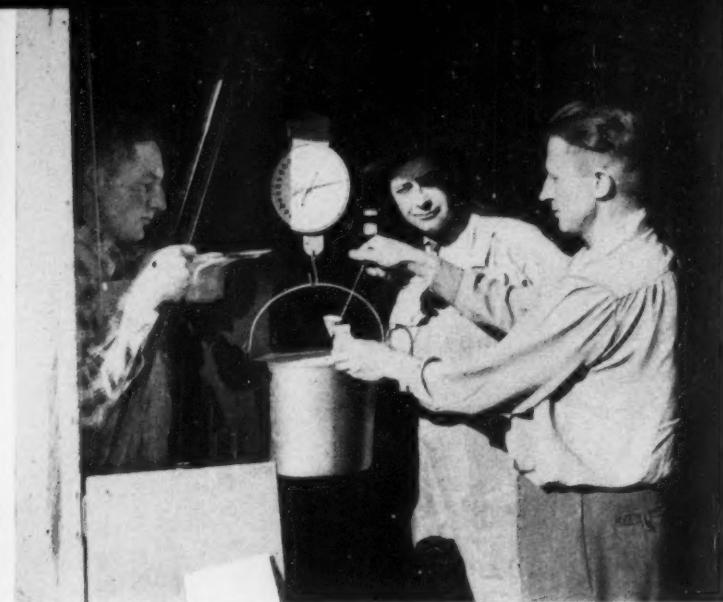
To the infinite relief of other breeders, Haight finally took his family, \$1,200 in prize money, a shoe box full of ribbons and 19 accomplished cows back to Floral View Farm, seven miles southeast of Saskatoon. He didn't compete in the Regina exhibition because his 24-year-old daughter, Joyce, was being married.

Appropriately, though, Joyce married Robert

Story, Pictures Next Two Pages

Anne and Alan, 17, are youngest of three sets of Haight twins. Future 4-H member is nephew Lyle.





Learning all phases of farming from 4-H Ruth won a trip to the national finals. Murray, left, and his dad, centre, see an inspector test Haight milk.

"The Kids Taught Me Everything I Know," Modest Ralph Haight Says of His Farming Methods.

Brack, a University of Saskatchewan extension-department employee whom she met in a 4-H club. Most of the good things in Ralph Haight's life, including his sweep of the 1953 livestock shows, can be attributed to the 4-H movement in Canada.

Four-H is Canada's only nationwide rural youth organization. Under the emblem of a four-leaf clover with the letter "H" on each leaf, symbolizing the training of head, heart, hand and health, it teaches leadership, citizenship and a fuller more efficient way of life to 65,000 Canadian farm boys and girls between the ages of ten and twenty-one. Indirectly it teaches the parents, too, and the best illustration of how this works is the tale of what happened to the Hights: Ralph, his wife Sara, twins Joyce and Jean, twins Murray and Muriel, Ruth, Gail and twins Alan and Anne.

Ralph Haight is a tall straight-backed farmer with sharply chiseled features, tired friendly eyes and grey-sprinkled hair. Seventeen years ago he abandoned wheat farming—the trade he'd known all his life—and took up dairying simply because he couldn't make a living from wheat. But he was a mediocre dairyman with a mediocre herd until his children joined a 4-H club and learned scientific dairy farming.

"Right after that we changed to purebred cattle," he says, "and the kids taught me everything I know."

Now ex-wheat-farmer Haight is vice-president of the Saskatchewan Dairy and Poultry Pool, director of both the national body and Saskatchewan branch, Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada, director of the Saskatchewan Dairy Association, and a member of the Saskatchewan Livestock Board. He studies pedigrees and livestock reports the way baseball fans pore over the sports pages. Upon receiving his weekly issue of the Western

Producer, a farm paper, he turns first to the classified ads to see who's selling what in cattle. He has a herd of eighty Holsteins, worth about \$25,000, and last year grossed \$12,000 in milk sales.

His children have set a record for Canadian 4-H club work. The six oldest have won the top 4-H honor, a trip to Toronto for national club week. No other family has produced so many winners and the Hights aren't finished yet. Alan and Anne, the youngest, still have four years to compete for the trip. Already the Hights have collected 16 silver trophies from club competitions and livestock shows. On week ends farmers from miles around come to admire the Haight herd—and the Hights.

All this astonishes and often embarrasses the family. At one exhibition last year a disgruntled loser—who thought the Hights were getting too much publicity and too many prizes—refused to speak to Ralph for two days.

"I hate incidents like that," says Ralph earnestly. "We don't want to arouse bad feelings among our neighbors. Sometimes the children are teased at school when their pictures go in the paper. We don't like the publicity. After all, we're just an ordinary family."

They aren't, of course, but once the Hights were just an ordinary family and that is their story. It is the simple story of a Saskatchewan farmer who pioneered on the prairie, raised a family and struggled for survival in the demoralizing 1930s. It is the story of how 4-H helped the Hights find security and dignity in farm life.

It was the search for a better farm life that lured Ralph and his father, Perry, to Canada in 1918. They were eking out a living with a few acres of wheat and a few scrub cattle near Delhi, Iowa. One day Ralph's Uncle Charlie came back

from Canada with a handful of gold coins, saying, "Anybody can make big money up there."

Fifteen-year-old Ralph, his dad and two brothers were impressed. They bought 320 acres of prairie at Hawarden, Sask., sixty miles south of Saskatoon, and were so eager to begin making big money that they lived in a granary for two months until their house was built.

They never did learn where Uncle Charlie made his fortune but, obviously, it wasn't in wheat. For every good crop there were two failures. But the Hights stayed on with the prairie farmer's dogged faith in next year.

One night, at a church young people's social, Ralph met Sara Ledingham, a shy smiling girl his own age, who lived with her parents on a farm near Hawarden. After that he never thought of leaving Saskatchewan. Their courtship followed the simple pattern of the times: picnics, country dances, wiener roasts and, sometimes, boating trips, if they could find a lake. Sara wore the stylish ear-hugging hats of the late Twenties; Ralph was a slender dashing figure in a straw Panama.

The Bumper Crop Never Came

In 1928, a good crop year, they were married, he in a plain dark suit with a fresh haircut showing white against his sun tan, she in a simple white dress clutching a bouquet of chrysanthemums. They set up housekeeping with a new Chevrolet, one cow, 800 rented acres and boundless confidence in the future.

"I made the first payments on my new machinery that fall," says Ralph. "As it turned out, they were the last I made for ten years . . ."

Jean and Joyce were born in the farmhouse in 1929. By then the depression was on so there was no money for a hospital bed. A nurse stayed two days to coach Ralph on bathing babies in a kitchen washtub. After that he was on his own.

Like his neighbors, Haight kept waiting for the "bumper crop" that never came. Early in 1933 he left Hawarden's stony land for the richer soil fifty miles north. He hauled his family to Floral by sleigh in midwinter. Muriel and Murray were five weeks old. Ralph had ten dollars cash.

"Looking back now, we sometimes wonder if we were in our right minds," says Mrs. Haight. "But we thought we'd raise a crop up here."

The Floral soil is a rich medium loam and in good years the bland level prairie waves for miles with fields of grain. But in 1933 Haight sold just one wagon-box of wheat. The great drought was smothering Saskatchewan by then. When wheat did manage to grow, swarms of grasshoppers stripped the stalks. Only one crop flourished consistently—a prickly low-lying green weed called Russian thistle. Horses and cattle lived on it when



Here are the six beaming Haight girls and their proud mother. In front are Muriel, Joan and Anne. Behind them are Ruth, Jean, Mrs. Haight and Gail.



These future 4-H members belong to Jean, who is now married to Floral dairyman Ivan Robertson. Ivan, like the Hights, advocates 4-H training.



A tractor presents no problems to Gail Haight.



The only Hights who have not yet won trips to Toronto are Alan and Anne and they have four more years to try. Here the twins demonstrate to nephew Gerry the fine points of how to show a calf.

Four-H, in Turn, Taught the Kids

nothing else grew. That was far too frequently.

Dust storms howled through the once-fertile farm land, burying barbed-wire fences, sifting through ill-fitting doors and windows, blacking out the sun. Often coal-oil lamps were lit in midafternoon. Like other Saskatchewan farmers, Haight sat helplessly at his kitchen window and watched a year's hopes swirl past in clouds. Like other farmers he borrowed money where he could, ran up credit when he could and tried to feed his children and keep his farm running another year.

It was hard on machinery as well as men. The Chevrolet was ailing; its clutch slipped on hills so Ralph tossed sand into the gear box. When farm implements broke down he mended them with baling wire. Finally he had to have a new tractor and went to the local International Harvester agency.

"I'll let you have it on credit but I'll get hell for it," said manager A. L. Elliott, now an International Harvester vice-president. Later, a senior did reprimand Elliott for taking the chance.

"We still have faith in Ralph Haight," Elliott said stubbornly.

Recently Haight, who has bought machinery from the company ever since, met the same senior executive. The latter grinned and said, "Looks like you're a safe credit risk now."

But at that time the machinery company had more faith than Haight had in himself. He will not disclose the extent of his debts in the Thirties but he once told a friend, "I was so far in debt I thought I'd never get out. The only good thing was, I owed the banks so much they didn't dare let me go bankrupt."

Encouraged by a slim ten-bushel-to-the-acre crop in 1936 he moved a few miles to his present farm site, and in 1937 gambled everything on 1,200 acres of crop. That spring Alan and Anne were born. That autumn Haight didn't thresh a bushel of grain.

"Nothing grew, except Russian thistle, thick as hair on a dog's back," he says. "With eight kids to feed I was in a spot."

"A few carloads of apples and vegetables were sent from the east, for which everyone was very thankful," says Sara Haight. "Like many others, we received relief coal and groceries that winter."

"I had to find some sort of security," Haight continues. "We had about a dozen Shorthorn cattle that'd been keeping us in milk and meat, so we decided to try dairying."

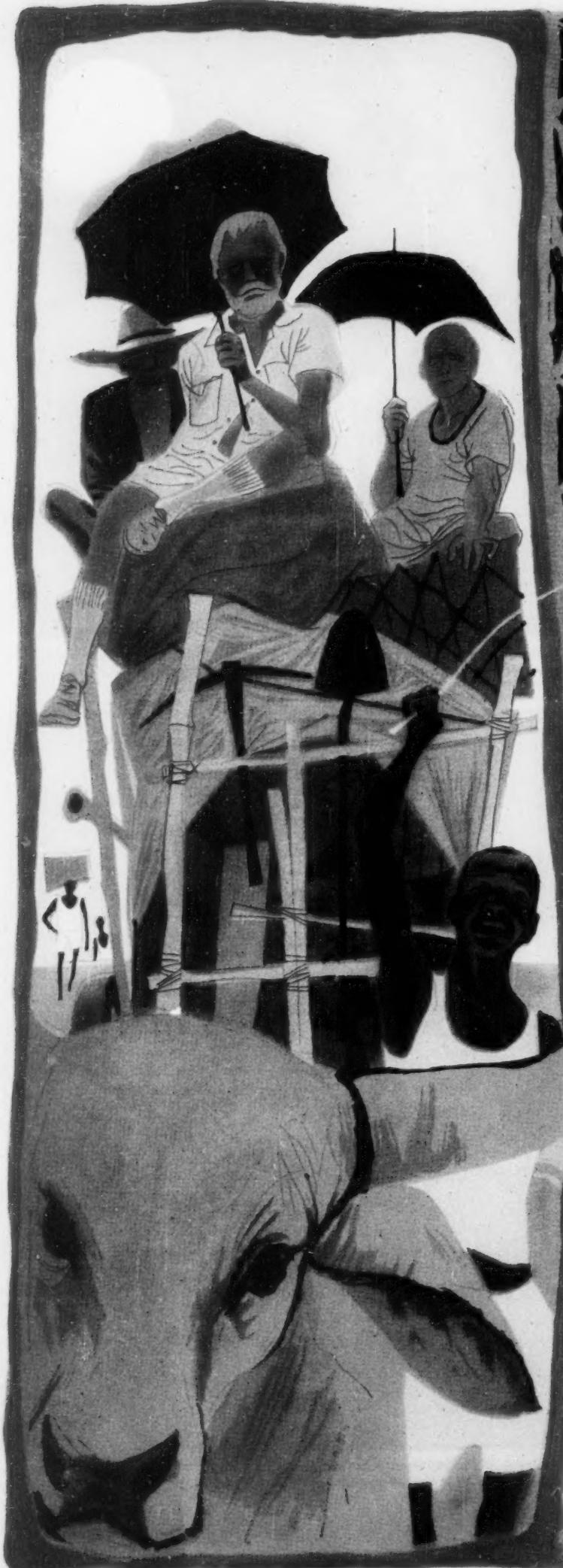
Haight went to the Saskatchewan Dairy and Poultry Pool, a co-operative marketing organization, and asked for a milk-selling contract.

"Can you feed your cattle all winter?" asked manager C. T. Gooding. "If we have to find feed for your herd we can't award a contract. Too many of our present members are in that situation. We need new

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Ralph, the head of the family, built an eight-foot table in the kitchen in 1937. But now it's too small. When the family and the in-laws arrive for dinner the youngsters get a table of their own.



The Race For the Donkerbos Diamonds

BY JOHN KARL

Illustration by James Hill

The villainous Marsberg
pulled smugly on his cigar. He knew
that in a diamond rush
the fastest runner got the best claim.
Surely his hired athletes
would beat the proud Roy Summers



The prospectors watched the athletes fawning on Marsberg. They knew he'd bought the restaurant with a diamond found by a gullible Negro.

WE ATE some stale bread dripping with bully beef out of a tin and heated up the black coffee. We didn't say much and soon it began to feel like any other Saturday night. All day we'd been busy putting the gravel through the wash but it was no good again. We used to think it was the Negroes pinching the stuff, but it was a long time now since we could afford help and still we didn't find anything. It was the same on the other claims, the boys said the ground was played out, that's what it was. We'd have gone long ago if somebody knew a better place.

"Well?" said Roy. He got up and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Okay," I said.

Roy locked up the corrugated iron shanty and I started up the old Lizzie and we drove the five bumpy miles down to Boshoff's Cafe. A few of the boys looked up from their poker hands.

"Hullo," they said.

"Hullo." We went over and sat down in the corner by the short-wave set. Roy tuned in to JB. "No fights tonight in Johannesburg," somebody said. "There's supposed to be," said Roy.

"Raining."

"Oh." Roy looked disappointed and put a hand

over his big chin. Even after two years we could still remember the names of the boys that were fighting; it sort of helped to keep in touch. We started for the counter and the screen door creaked open and a man came in waving a copy of the Johannesburg Star. He'd been in to Lichtenburg.

"Start to pack up, boys," he said. "Start to pack up."

We all crowded around and there it was in black and white about the big blue-whites they'd just found out at Donkerbos. And it said the government was throwing the place open to public digging. The boys gave a few cheers and everybody got excited and started ordering brandies. Only old Dan Boshoff that owned the cafe didn't look so good. He kept on fetching more brandies but still he didn't look so good.

"Where's Donkerbos?" Roy asked.

"Other side of Lichtenburg. About twelve miles out," a man said.

"And the rush? Do they say the date?" Roy's jaw was practically on top of the paper but the print was too small for him.

"Yes," said the one next to him. "Here's the date." He read it out.

"That's six weeks from now," Roy said.

"There'll be a hell of a mob. There's sure to be."

"And how there'll be a mob," someone else spoke up. "That's the worst of putting it in the paper."

"I don't mind the mob," Roy said. "The mob's all right with me. As long as there's no blasted athletes. That's what makes me spit."

"And how," said another one. "We had them the last time. And I mean, had them. It was like trying to catch race horses."

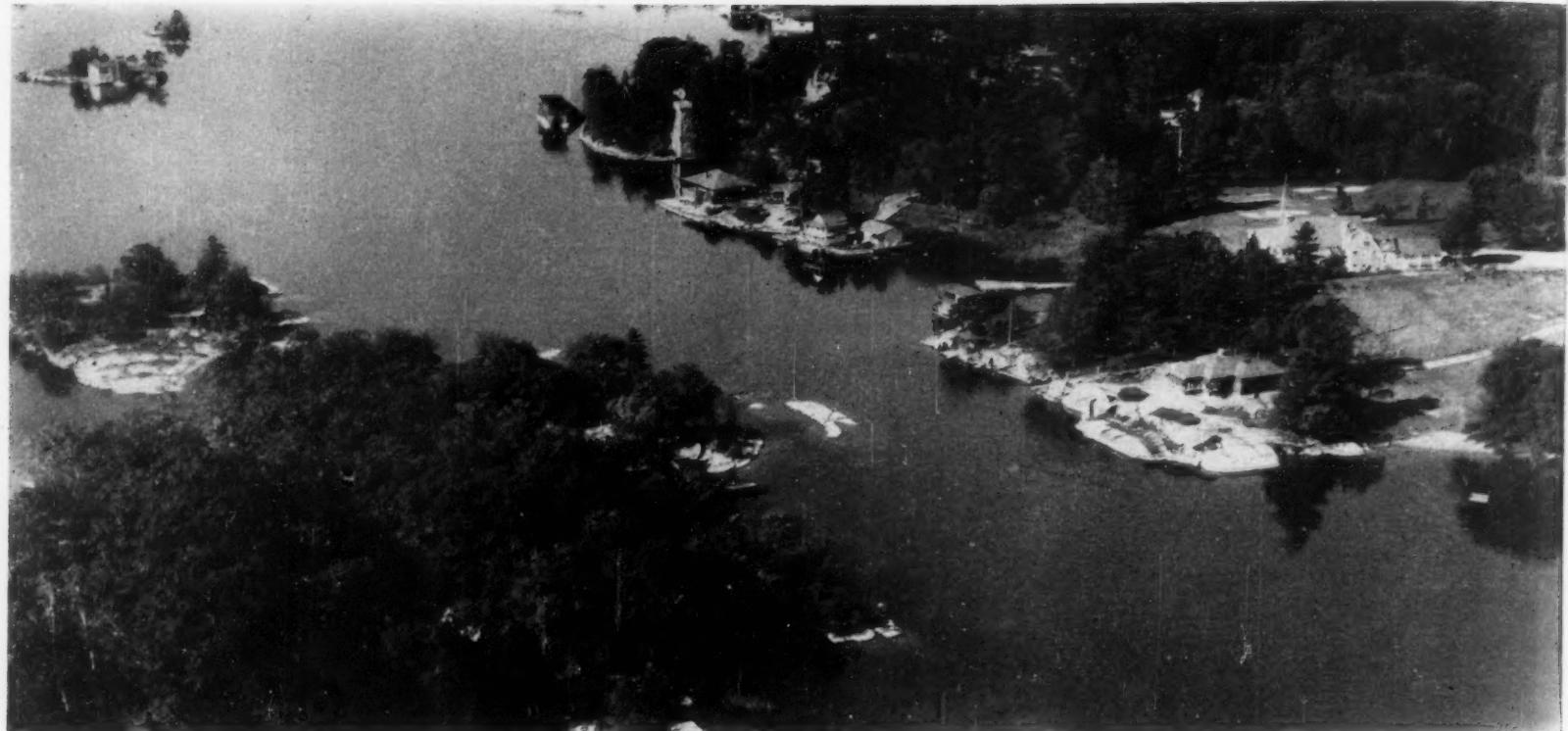
"If they'd run just for themselves, it wouldn't be so bad," said the one with the paper. "But all they peg claims for is the blokes that hire them."

"That's right. The lily-whitest amateurs you ever seen," Roy said. "They're not interested in money. Not in pin money." He clenched his fists. "They make me sick. Them and the guys they run for."

Next morning the both of us had a breath you could smell a mile. We must have had a lot of brandies. Anyway, it wasn't till a day later we could start training.

I don't know if you know how it used to be at a diamond rush. When the prospectors found the ground would pay, the government used to open it up for public digging by setting a day for the rush. Everyone came to try his luck, office workers, diggers like Roy and me—and the athletes. You bought a five-shilling

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Where Lake Ontario meets the St. Lawrence there's a wonderland of islands where lucky owners sometimes fish for breakfast without getting out of bed.

IN THE THOUSAND ISLANDS THERE'S . . .

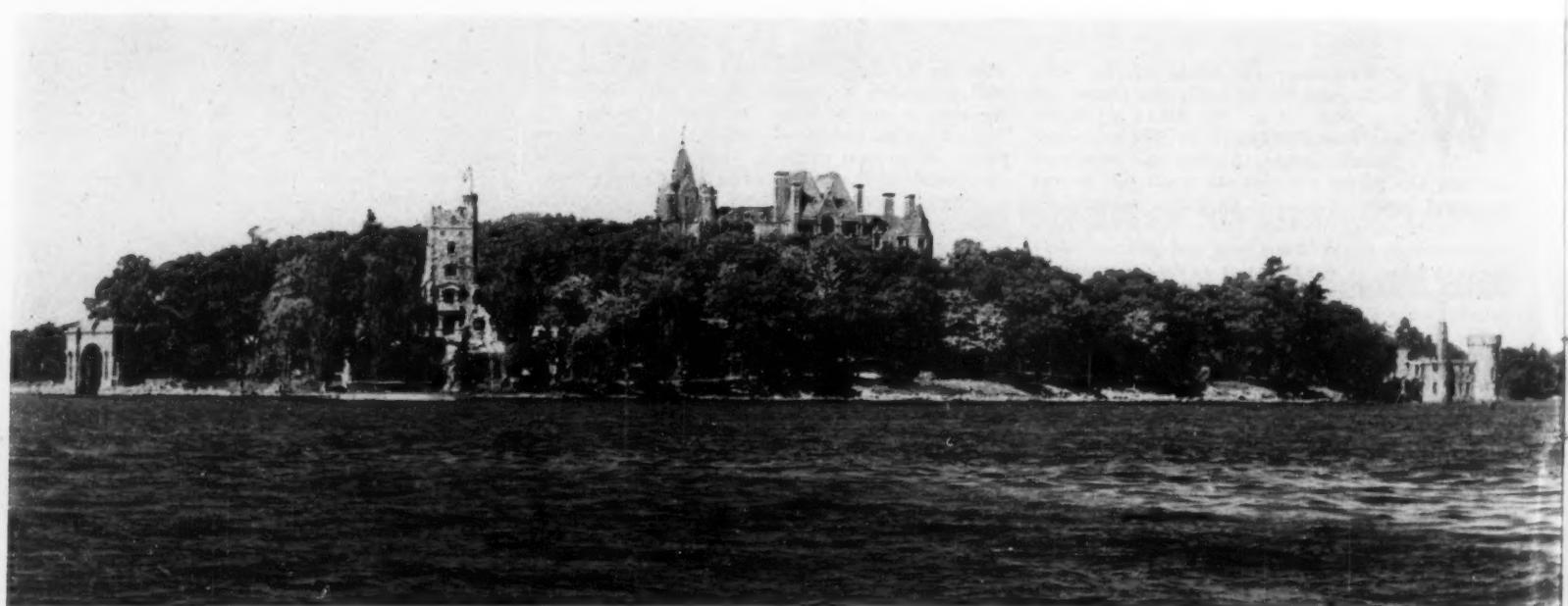
the ruined castle of a broken-hearted millionaire . . .

A replica of Napoleon's Tomb . . .

A house that's shaped like a hat . . .

An international bridge as short as a room.

And more: every island owner is as happy as a king



Hotel magnate George Boldt poured a million dollars into his castle on romantic Heart Island, then abandoned it when his wife died in 1902.

Where Everybody wants to Own an Island

BY IAN SCLANDERS



WHEN the whistle blows at the end of the day Harold McGuire, a 45-year-old shipper at the plant of Ontario Steel Products in Gananoque, hurries to his launch at the nearby wharf. He flips the starter, his motor adds its voice to the buzzing madrigal sung by scores of little boats that dart around the waterfront of the resort town on the St. Lawrence, and then he travels a mile to another world.

The trip transforms him from a factory hand into the ruler of a realm, for McGuire owns the Sisters—two of the 1,768 islands that stick their green heads out of the blue St. Lawrence in the first forty miles of its run from Lake Ontario to the Atlantic. Three fifths of the islands are on the Canadian side of the river, the rest on the U. S. side.

In this great archipelago, christened *les Mille Iles*, the Thousand Islands, by early French explorers, the Sisters are insignificant dots. Within spitting distance of each other, and joined by a sand bar, they have a combined area of perhaps half an acre. McGuire bought them both, together with the weather-beaten cottage on one of them,

for only \$1,500. But when he steps ashore to be greeted by his three loyal subjects—wife, son and daughter—a look of pride spreads over his plain pleasant face and he straightens his powerful shoulders, pulls himself up to his full six feet, and knows how a king feels returning to his kingdom.

Islands give their owners this feeling, for an island is no mere parcel of real estate, no ordinary property sandwiched between other properties of the same kind. An island is a feudal domain, a private fortress surrounded by a moat, and on the Sisters the angling lures dangling from the brim of McGuire's battered hat have a symbolic quality, like jewels in a crown.

McGuire dines royally on bass or muskies or pike or perch caught at his door. Afterward he fishes, weeds his flower bed, swims, goes for a sail, sits drowsily contemplating the beauties of nature or chats across sixty-odd yards of shining water with Bob Dryburgh, a Gananoque baker who is monarch of neighboring Lindeck Island. Usually, the evening is so quiet and still that McGuire and Dryburgh

can swap yarns without shouting at each other.

Throughout the archipelago, which is nine miles wide at one point and extends from Kingston to Brockville on the Ontario side of the St. Lawrence and from Cape Vincent to Morristown on the New York side, thousands spend their summers just about as McGuire does.

Some have familiar names like John Foster Dulles and Arthur Godfrey, some commute by airplane from cities like New York and Philadelphia and Montreal and Toronto, and some have creaking old mansions that date from the last century—mansions which, in 1895, were described in a tourist folder as “elegant palace cottages.” But, like McGuire, they all fish, swim, sail and watch the river roll by, and they have all realized a cherished dream of owning an island.

More have realized this dream in the Thousand Islands than anywhere else on earth, for there are islands here to fit every purse, islands so large they are measured in square miles and islands so small they have to be measured in square feet. One of them, approximately

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The Canada-U.S. border wriggles under this famous footbridge on tiny Zavikon Island.

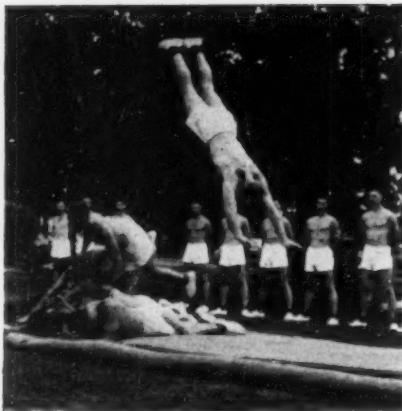


Tourists cruise by homes of such famous men as Arthur Godfrey.

The Mounties

PART TWO

By Alan Phillips



to be a Mountie



Jiu-jitsu experts flatten him, instructors pound knowledge into him, horses bite him and he's drilled till he's dizzy. That's how a recruit is finally hammered into the RCMP's exacting and anonymous pattern

STARING forthrightly from a current magazine advertisement of the Bank of America, "the world's largest bank," is the blank-faced picture of a man in uniform. There is nothing else in the picture except a suggestion of rugged country. Since the ad is for travelers' cheques, the implication is that holidaymakers can rely on them as surely as they can rely on the figure which is unlabeled and unexplained. It is a figure that doesn't need identification; people around the world will recognize the high boots, breeches, square-cut tunic and the broad-brimmed hat of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police as a symbol of Canadian stability.

The Mountie is a natural for a symbol. Wherever you see him—on the street, in his patrol car, guarding the border—he seldom stands out as an individual. One of the strange things about the myriad tales of the RCMP is that they all seem typical. The hero seems interchangeable with any other Mountie. When you know one, you think you know them all.

This is something more than an impression. The Mounties do run to type. They're usually trim, seldom very big, never small. Sitting, standing or walking, they carry themselves so erect they seem stiff. Their uniforms are immaculate, their speech direct. Their features are self-controlled to the point of immobility. Like the blank-faced man in the bank ad, they've an austere anonymity which has prompted one of their stenographers to compare them with nuns.

How do they get that way? How does the RCMP take men from cities and farms from coast to coast and stamp them with characteristics in common?

The process begins with the kind of men they select. The RCMP is hard to get into and easy to

get out of. Before the war the force would not advertise for recruits. Afterward, strength was low and reluctantly these few lines of terse restrained prose were placed with local newspapers:

WEAR THIS BADGE
AND UPHOLD TRADITIONS OF RCMP
If you are 5' 8" in height, unmarried, between 18 and 30, and are interested in a career in the RCMP you may apply for engagement immediately.

The ads have attracted 23,000 applicants since the war but the force has signed only 3,000. The figures don't include such off-beat applications as this:

Dear Sir: I would like a job at detective work. I have plans that are my own in the line of detective plans . . . I couldn't tell you how I will work but . . . I have some plans that has never been done before. I can pick out the guilty one every time, no foolin'.

Usually, this sort of applicant hastily screens himself after receiving an RCMP pamphlet called *A Career in Scarlet*. It informs the would-be Mountie that he must sign on for five years, that during this time he can't marry (to keep part of the force mobile), can't engage in a trade, can't smoke or drink in uniform. It warns him bluntly of hardship, risk and hard work before it mentions starting pay (\$203 a month, with free uniforms, medical and dental service), leave (21 days a year—if a man can be spared), chances for travel and special training.

The first serious hurdle is a medical examination. If the applicant's health seems first class, he's cleared for character. A Mountie visits the applicant's home town or neighborhood, talks to his

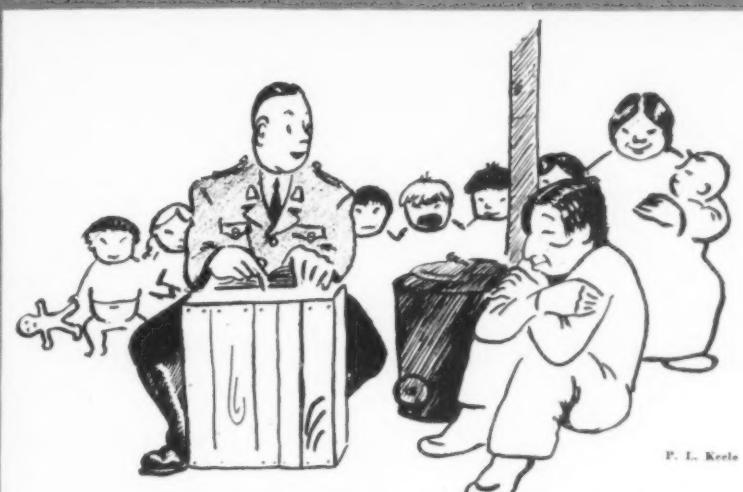
schoolteachers, former employers, minister or priest, and two references which the applicant must supply. Sometimes the fingerprint check turns up a criminal record that automatically washes him out.

The next obstacle is an educational test on current affairs, history, mathematics and so on. It immediately screens out applicants who answer like this:

- Q. What is your reason for joining the force?
A. I like to travel around the country from place to place.
- Q. Who is the Chief Justice of Canada?
A. Don't know him, never had the opportunity of being in court.
- Q. Who is the chairman of the CBC?
A. Never heard that man's name either.
- Q. What is the difference between prorogation and dissolution of parliament?
A. It's all the same to me . . .

This test is equivalent to Grade Ten but the minimum school certificate required is only Grade Eight. Insp. Frank S. Spalding, the RCMP's senior personnel officer, explains that "In certain areas there may be good potential policemen who don't have the chance to finish their education for many reasons—poverty, sickness in the family, they're needed to help at home or on the farm. We don't want to exclude them—but they have to be exceptional." The educational test is judged together with an intelligence test that weeds out the so-called "educated fools."

Wrong motives for joining eliminate others. The RCMP isn't interested in the glamor-seekers who write in saying, "I saw Rose Marie last week. I sure go for those red coats and black horses." They don't want the exhibitionist. *Continued on page 46*



"Question No. 20—What was your principal activity during the week ending June 2, 1951?"



Cst. Awk after six weeks Migratory Game Act patrol discovers the rare Calaboose Cock Hen with no previous record.

How the Mounties see themselves. In these cartoons from the RCMP Quarterly, amateur



artists of the force poke fun at their unglamorous routine, rib their strict instructors



IMPORTANT LAST WORDS



"Get that clumsy clown outa here, and check that poor horse for injuries . . ."

and the hush-hush around the counter-espionage squad. Their love of horses is obvious.



THE WHITE AND THE GOLD

A Cargo

To the preponderantly male colony
of plump pink-cheeked young girls.

And woe to the man

Part Nine

I AM the State!" Louis XIV announced imperiously when he succeeded to the throne of France. In all parts of his realm the young monarch made it clear that he meant exactly what he said; in Canada he underlined his meaning with a firmness and attention to detail that went beyond even his own first definitions.

True democracy, of course, was unknown anywhere in the seventeenth century. But within the feudal system, there was still some room for personal liberty in the subject's daily life. Now, in New France as nowhere else in the King's domain, the subject's most intimate activities—even to his decision to marry or not to marry—ceased to be a matter of individual right and became a matter for royal decree.

Louis felt he had every justification for exerting his will on Canada in its most determined phase. The people of New France were existing on the royal bounty. Why then should they not be treated as children and made to toe the line of kingly whim? It was, in addition, much easier to write a letter saying that such and such must be done, much easier than to impose the same rules on the millions of France who had ways ingrained in them by generations of ordered living. He proceeded, therefore, to lay down a series of regulations for Canada which seem utterly fantastic today, and which would have seemed at the least unusual in the France of that earlier day.

Parents were ordered to see to it that their sons were married by the time they were twenty and



BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN

of Brides

of New France came bevy after bevy

“Marry them!” demanded the King.

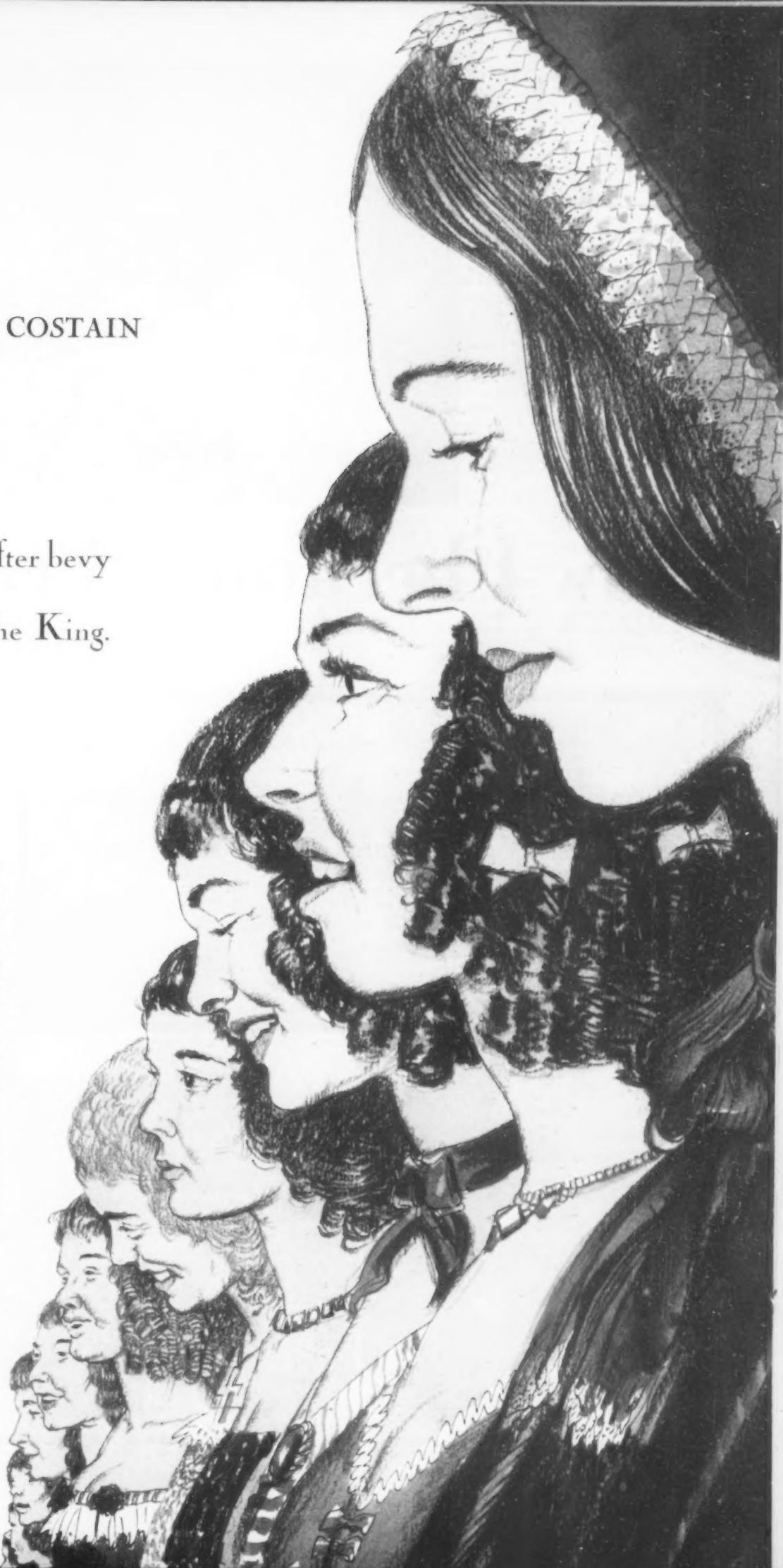
who stayed a bachelor

their daughters at the age of sixteen. Any father who failed to do so was hauled into court and fined. What is more, he was compelled to appear in court every six months until such time as the unwed child had found a mate. With one flourish of a pen the little despot of Versailles took away the right of bachelors to live as they chose. All single men were under orders to get themselves married within two weeks of the arrival of a shipload of King's Girls. Marry, declared the King, it is my will! Bachelorhood ceased immediately to be a state of single blessedness and became instead a state of persecution. Bachelors over twenty were not allowed to fish or to go into the woods on any pretext, to prevent them from trading with the Indians. They were taxed as long as they remained obdurate.

Colbert, the King's chief minister, wrote to Talon, intendant of the colony, that special burdens should be found for bachelors, that they should be excluded from all opportunities for advancement and from all honors. He went a step further and declared that some measure of infamy should be imposed on them. Perhaps he had a seat in the stocks in mind or even a term of imprisonment. The persecution of the bachelor was never carried to that extreme, however.

To the habitants Cupid had always been a sly and rather bumbling little fellow with a far from taut bow. To have him turned into a scowling busybody with a rawhide whip (and bearing the features of the Sun) *Continued on page 40*

Illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle





How I became a French Chef

BY MAX ROSENFELD

The secrets of French sauces and seasoning are revealed by this Canadian who learned at the famous Cordon Bleu that good food, like love, requires a tremendous amount of time and work

PHOTOS BY E. H. HAUSMAN



The casserole is a time-saver for Max's wife Rose. Done right, a dozen meals can be cooked at one time.

AT A MEETING of Allied officers during the most sombre hours of 1942 an English officer asked Winston Churchill, "Why do you insist on defending France? You know very well it's finished."

"My young friend," replied the Prime Minister, "a country that makes more than two hundred varieties of cheese can't possibly be finished."

Thus, with characteristic humor, the old maestro pointed out that it's virtually impossible to understand France without knowing and appreciating her celebrated cuisine.

This was my own experience in France where I lived for three years. I went there to study French culture at the Sorbonne but it wasn't until I took up cooking at the Cordon Bleu, the oldest and the most renowned cooking school in the world, that I was able to find out what makes the French so French. I decided to find out the secrets of French cooking when I realized that after three months of attentive listening to the serious and dignified professors, the most significant thing I had learned about the country was that the wonderful cuisine flourishes at every social and

economic level; whether I ate in fine restaurants, *pension* dining rooms or hole-in-the-wall bistros it seemed impossible to get a bad meal in France.

Two days after I discovered the Cordon Bleu I bade farewell to the Latin Quarter, the Faculté des Lettres and the Bibliothèque Nationale and went in search of a different kind of knowledge, at the institution which the founder, Marthe Distel, dedicated in 1895 with these words: "Nature imposes on human beings two imperious needs before which all the most ardent passions efface themselves: to drink and to eat . . ."

L'Ecole du Cordon Bleu was founded not primarily for professional chefs but for the daughters of upper- and middle-class French families. As the years passed, however, the school acquired the reputation that made it the Mecca of aspiring gastronomes, and men and women from all over the world came to learn the art of cooking. Through its modest doors at 129 Faubourg St. Honoré have passed thousands of young apprentice cooks who became famous chefs. Also, there have been society matrons, newlyweds and experienced housewives. All were equal under the exacting discipline of the classroom.

The school has changed hands several times and is now owned by Monsieur Max Brassart and managed by his wife. There are four instructors, the chief of them being dark, suave Pierre Menjallette, who has a restaurant of his own in Montmartre. In recent years an average of sixty students, the majority of them French women, have been in attendance at all times. Lessons are given in the form of demonstration-lectures. It is possible to take one lesson or a course of 120 lessons leading to a diploma. The cost of a lesson is 350 francs which is about a dollar. I took more than eighty lessons, but skipped those on the preparation of such dishes as calf's head, lark pâté and saddle of hare.

The kitchens of the Cordon Bleu provide the opportunity of working under the supervision of a *maître de cuisine* but many students attend the lectures only and do their cooking at home. For close to five months I attended lectures on the average of three afternoons a week, and one morning and one afternoon weekly I was in the kitchen; I paid the equivalent of \$25 a month for kitchen privileges, in addition to the cost of

materials. In my group there was a Danish chef, an ex-GI planning to open a restaurant in Madison, Wis., an ex-Hungarian cabinet minister waiting for travel documents to take him to Chile where his brother owned a hotel, a girl from Massachusetts, a European diplomat's wife and six Frenchwomen. One day the diplomat's wife startled us by saying, "No matter what happens in the world politically, anybody who knows how to cook will be the person least likely to starve and most likely to be employable." As I rode down on the bus on my first morning at the Cordon Bleu, I could already see myself merrily mixing ingredients in a magnificent gleaming tile-and-glass kitchen laboratory. A half hour later, when I entered the actual Cordon Bleu kitchen, what I beheld so startled me that I couldn't believe I was really in the famous place. When I was reassured I anxiously enquired whether this wasn't just a beginner's workroom, the chamber of the great chefs being elsewhere in the building. I was informed that we were in the institution's main kitchen. A Canadian housewife would have shrieked at what I faced: a dingy and dimly lit room, unwashed utensils scattered everywhere, the equipment looking unchanged since the founding day of the school—not a dishwasher, not a refrigerator, not a handy garbage disposer in the place.

All the equipment it takes to run this world centre of fine cooking is a few wooden tables, several dozen old and heavy pots and pans, some drawers of well-worn knives, and twisted and battered mixing spoons. The only thing identifying the Cordon Bleu with the twentieth century is a row of electric ranges, but not one as up-to-date as the one for which my mother got \$20 on a trade-in ten years ago in Toronto. I was ready to bet any

money that no one could come in and make *poulet à la popincourt* in a setup like this. Fortunately I was only talking to myself because a few weeks later I had the opportunity to visit the kitchens of two top Paris restaurants, La Tour d'Argent and Maxim's. La Tour d'Argent is one of the oldest restaurants in Paris and claims to be the place where the fork was invented in the fourteenth century; and from what I saw in its kitchen it has recognized few culinary inventions since then. Both La Tour d'Argent and Maxim's still use huge coal ovens; apparently no cooking stove has yet been invented which beats those heated by coal.

Three Days for One Sauce

The demonstration-lectures at the Cordon Bleu are held in a room where the instructor works behind a counter facing the students seated in four tiered rows of chairs. The day I enrolled the scheduled lesson happened to be *pot-au-feu*. If it may be compared to anything more familiar to us, it's New England boiled dinner. Escoffier called it "the symbol of the French family" and there are numerous variations of the dish. Essentially it's a piece of non-roastable beef cooked with vegetables till it becomes fork tender. All in one pot it gives the first course, broth with cubed vegetables floating in it, then the main course, platters of beef with vegetables around it. It's part of the weekly menu in all French households because the rich broth left over furnishes a savory basis for soups and sauces.

While the instructor, jolly, wry-humored Max Bugnard, addressed us, two boys peeled and chopped. When he said the cooking would take

several hours and therefore we would not see the result until late in the afternoon I felt the time had come to release a little more scientific know-how to backward Europe. I confidently raised my hand and suggested that a pressure cooker would finish the thing in twenty minutes. "That's a wonderful idea," said Bugnard drily, adding after a slight pause, "if we had several starving people who had to be quickly fed." Turning to the whole class he said solemnly, "In cooking, as in life, anything that is worthwhile takes a lot of time. *Beaucoup de temps, beaucoup de temps*—that's one of the greatest secrets of good cooking." It's a point that cannot be over-emphasized.

After I had spoken I heard someone whisper, "Where *he* comes from they get food in tin boxes!" Someone else murmured, "Over there they have steaks in pills and they put marshmallows in salad!"

I had yet to learn that it sometimes takes three days to make a sauce and that cooking a chicken may require over twenty receipts and a whole day's attention. But the casserole is a French invention too and it can be the biggest time-saver in any home. Busy Canadian housewives would find working out a dozen casserole meals a big help. Each meal is complete under one lid—meat, fowl, cheese or fish with accompanying vegetables, all in a single dish. Most of the pots and pans necessary to their preparation can be cleaned before the food is even cooked.

Every lesson at the Cordon Bleu begins with a consideration of the raw materials: we were taught how fish, meat, poultry and game should look and feel, how to judge a joint of meat and how to tell a young bird from an old one; how to recognize fresh fish, sound fruit and fresh vegetables, and even to tell the very

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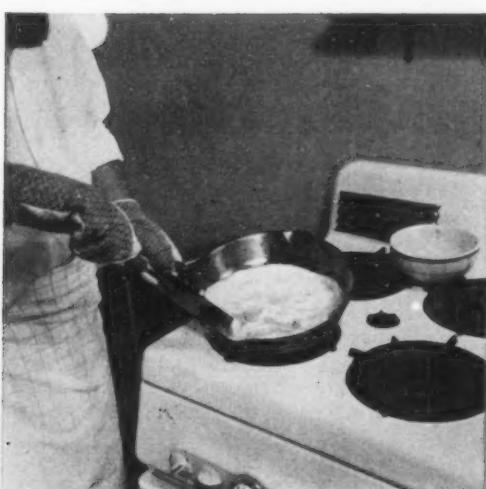
Here's how to master
that exacting delicacy, a
golden creamy omelet.
Even French chefs believe
that it's the most
difficult feat of them all



A *real* omelet is cooked in seconds! The iron pan should be so hot that butter smokes when it lands.



The lightly beaten mixture—it contains only eggs and seasoning—is poured into the sizzling butter.



The moment the eggs touch the pan the edges set and a spatula lets the uncooked part run under it.



Half the omelet is then placed on a hot plate. With a deft flip of the pan, the other half folds over.



Presto! the finished article seconds later. If it's cooked properly the centre should be semi-liquid.



!

Halfway between marriage and divorce, thousands
of lonely men and women are prisoners of Canada's strict marital laws.

They call themselves

The In-Betweeners

THOUSANDS OF CANADIAN men and women are neither married nor single. They're wedded to ghosts.

They live in a halfway house on a road to nowhere. Their children know only one parent: a father or a mother, but never both. They may still be young, but to them normal married life is forbidden. They call themselves the In-Betweeners. They are men and women who are separated from their legal mates, but not divorced.

They are not divorced because Canadian divorce law permits only one ground for the dissolution of marriage—adultery. In-Betweeners either cannot or will not seek divorce on such grounds.

Under Canadian law, a woman marries a man and unless he allows himself to be caught sleeping with some other woman, the marriage is forever. He may go insane, become a chronic alcoholic, desert his family or beat them insensible, but his wife has no grounds for divorce. A man marries a woman who turns out to be unsympathetic to his ideas, uninterested in his love-making, antagonistic to his career, bitterly unhappy in his home, but unless she can be branded an adulteress, legal separa-

tion and a motherless home for his children is the most he can look forward to.

Nobody knows how many In-Betweeners there are in Canada. No statistics are kept on the number of legal separations, and in any case many In-Betweeners never bother to obtain a legal separation. Because the man of the house was missing, 1,700 women in Ontario alone were in receipt of Mothers' Allowances from their provincial government in 1951. But not every deserted wife applies for assistance. Husbands deserted by their wives receive the grant only under special circumstances, and many wives cannot be classed as "deserted" because their husbands, though living apart, are contributing toward their support.

Five years ago a few desperate In-Betweeners, led by Ernest J. Plant of Vancouver, formed an association, the Divorce Reform League of British Columbia, which now has a membership of 225 men and women personally interested in obtaining divorces. Two years ago, In-Betweeners in the Toronto area got together and organized the Marriage and Divorce Reform Association which *Continued on page 36*

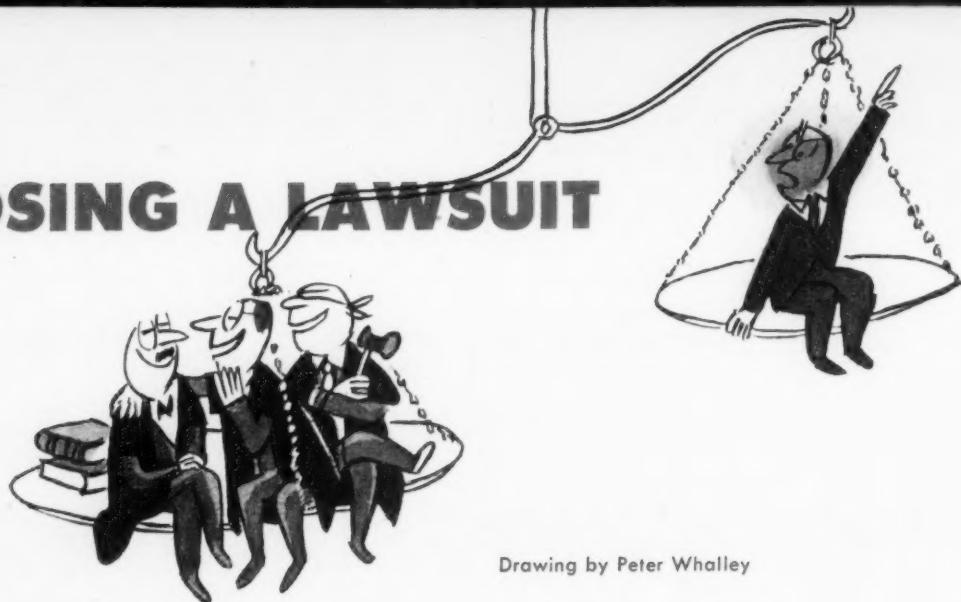
BY DOROTHY SANGSTER

Photo by Peter Croydon



THE ART OF LOSING A LAWSUIT

In the most monstrous miscarriage of justice in Canadian legal history (it says here) the judge decided that the maniac in the other car was in the right



Drawing by Peter Whalley

By HARRY McNEILL

WORKING UNDER the anonymity of a tiny decimal point I've made the headlines at last as one of Canada's thousands who had an automobile accident this year.

Mine was not a complicated accident, merely a case of a normal sensible driver (myself) having his car rammed by another vehicle in charge of a maniac.

The issue was so clear that when my wife told me a letter had arrived from the maniac's insurance company I immediately began planning how we would spend the surplus cash after having a cheap repair job done on the car.

"Save your breath," she said crisply, "it's your money they're after."

The notion was so uproarious that I canceled a trip to a Bob Hope movie that evening.

I was still laughing boisterously the next day when I took the letter along to my own insurance office where I leaned weakly against the wall dabbing at my eyes with a handkerchief while the manager read it.

Like a character in a rustic comedy I was slapping my thigh for the third time and saying, "That's rich!" when the manager gave me a thoughtful look and said, "We'd better see Peabody, Perkins and Peabody about this."

Like all lawyers with a name like that, Peabody turned out to be a depressed-looking little gnome of a man with a sniff who quoted Reilly versus Carter, a case similar to mine, where it turned out that Carter had escaped the hangman's noose only on a last-minute reprieve from the governor—or so it seemed to me as I tried to fight my way through a maze of legal jargon that sounded like something in the original Aramaic.

He said if we handled the maniac's insurance company with kid gloves they might let me pay my own repair bill and my wife could keep the house and most of the furniture.

By the time Peabody was through the boisterous laugh had turned into a strangled croak and I was pounding on his desk snarling, "Okay, but they'll never take me alive."

The next day, to be on the safe side, I transferred all my assets to my wife, ignoring her protestations that her clothes closet was too full as it was, and began looking up trains to Mexico.

Before I could even make arrangements to have my daughter's piggy-bank savings changed into pesos I found I had a lawsuit on my hands. The maniac's insurance company had decided to sue.

The first thing an insurance company does when it decides to sue is trap you into having what is known as an "Examination for Discovery."

This is a bit of legal jiggery-pokery designed to find out the weaknesses of your case, which, if not strictly a penal offense, seems to me to be sailing pretty close to the wind. For this, most insurance companies engage the services of a tall bespectacled lawyer who has the bedside manner of a successful gynaecologist coupled with the ruthlessness of a crook politician.

He lures you into a little room and talks to you for maybe half an hour in a most friendly way. You can see that he likes you, and you cannot remember when you last met a more sympathetic and understanding man. Before you know what is happening you've invited him to come around to the house some evening to see your color slides of Florida.

But, with diabolical cunning, not only does he worm out of you all the details of your defense, but merely by referring to the Examination for Discovery, which has been taken down in shorthand by one of his accomplices masquerading as a court reporter, can tell you what you had for breakfast two months ago, and the color of your second-best underdrawers.

It is only later that you realize he doesn't like you at all, probably spent his formative years as a member of the Gestapo, and would have used castor oil and a rubber truncheon on you had he felt they were necessary.

Only when you are squirming in the witness stand like a collector's specimen does he allow his secret malevolence full rein.

"What were you doing on the evening of February 8," he asks sternly. Before you can even frame a reply his face becomes contorted with rage. "Answer the question, sir," he thunders, irritably shoving a hand in his pocket and jingling his loose shriveled skulls.

You're a hardened criminal

No sooner do you begin to tell him, starting from the moment you got in from the office and your wife asked you would you like cold chicken for supper, than he jumps to his feet and storms, "The court is not interested in your trivial domestic affairs, sir. Keep to the point."

He pauses. "Trying to confuse the issue won't help, you know," he adds menacingly and fumbles under his lawyer's gown for his blackjack.

By this time everyone within earshot, including yourself, is convinced you are a hardened criminal out to beat a well-deserved rap with a glib pack of lies and no issue was half as confused as you are right now.

Eventually you get around to giving your version of the accident.

The lawyer rocks back and forth on his heels wearing an expression of incredible disbelief. Your voice falters and you can't blame the judge for looking at you the way he does. The whole thing sounds about as convincing as a page from a Russian history book. Bitterly you wonder why you were fool enough not to fake up an alibi or volunteer for Korea.

It is about this time that the judge decides he can bear the whole sordid business no longer and announces a ten-minute recess. While he retires to

his chamber for a couple of hands of gin rummy with the court usher, everyone in the courtroom rushes into the corridor for a smoke.

It is then you discover what a perfidious lot lawyers really are. The maniac's lawyer has become your enemy and you hate him bitterly, yet there is your own lawyer, with a simpleton smile, chatting to him as though he were a normal human being instead of a treacherous scoundrel steeped in the worst kind of villainy. Any lawyer who had your interests really at heart would be drawing himself up to his full height and saying icily, "My seconds will make the necessary arrangements," you feel.

Instead, as you stroll over to the water cooler, scowling so hard your face hurts, you hear him simpering, "Well, don't forget then. Bring the kids over and we'll make it a barbecue party."

You'd like to see them both barbecued while you stood by handing out the mustard and relish.

When the court resumes you find you have become a nonentity, a mere five-cent chip in a poker game, and the maniac, now described as "the plaintiff," has taken your place in the witness stand.

He is being cross-examined by your lawyer. You wriggle delightedly on your hard seat as you prepare to watch the whole shaky edifice of his story come tumbling about his ears. But you have underestimated the cunning of the hopelessly mad. How glib the lunatic logic to which the judge lends a ridiculously tolerant ear.

Your lawyer suddenly interrupts. You lean back with an anticipatory grin. The trained legal mind is about to shoot the whole thing full of holes.

The trained legal mind pulls uncertainly on the folds of its untidy legal gown, says weakly, "Pardon me," and takes a drink of water.

It seems evident from this that if your lawyer has a mind at all it couldn't shoot holes in a movie screen at five paces. What is worse, he appears to be hanging on the maniac's words with the absorbed interest of a child listening to a bedtime story.

You don't listen to the judge's droning summing up. You are busy remembering the Dreyfus frame-up and wondering if your heirs will still be interested in clearing your name.

At last it's all over. You've lost.

Everyone is pumping the other lawyer's hand and the urge to bludgeon someone, preferably with a leather-bound legal tome, becomes almost overpowering.

You turn to your wife who up to now has been a passive spectator to the farce, "You have just witnessed the most astounding miscarriage of justice in Canadian legal history," you say pompously.

She pats your hand soothingly. "Yes, I'm sure, dear," she murmurs absently. Then, inspecting you with a sort of dreamy abstraction she adds, "Why don't you go in for law, darling? I'm sure you'd look every bit as cute as that judge in a black gown—cuter," she corrects herself loyally.

Accidents just aren't worth having. ★

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Rose Marie (what, again!) has Ann Blyth and Keel knee-deep in corn.

ROSE MARIE: As the current Maclean's series on the Mounties (see page 16) says, the fascination of the Redcoats is fatal to Hollywood. For the third time in 26 years — this time in wall-to-wall CinemaScope — the singing Mountie takes the Rockies' trail. The corn is thicker than ever but the scenery — some of it shot in Alberta — is often gorgeous. Ann Blyth, Howard Keel and Fernando Lamas sing the familiar ballads.

CARNIVAL STORY: Anne Baxter, fairly demure in most previous roles, emerges as a simmering bundle of sex in this sordid implausible but far-from-dull melodrama filmed in Germany. She has to choose between a sneering drifter (Steve Cochran) and a high-diver (Lyle Bettger).

FRONT PAGE STORY: A press yarn from Britain. To its credit are Jack Hawkins' strong and honest portrayal of a hard-pressed editor, and a number of convincing background details. But there are too many overlapping stories to keep track of, and a big scene at the climax is overdrawn.

PRINCE VALIANT: This first CinemaScope epic based on a comic strip is faithful enough to the banalities and pictorial beauties of the original. Robert Wagner, with a Dutch bob hair-do, is the Viking lad at the court of King Arthur (Brian Aherne). Probably fine stuff for the kiddies.

TENNESSEE CHAMP: A pleasant little comedy-drama about a boxer (Dewey Martin) who devoutly believes he has the Lord in his corner. Keenan Wynn is his wily manager.

THE STRATFORD ADVENTURE: A 39-minute featurette, in color, prepared by the National Film Board of Canada to tell the story behind the story of Ontario's world-famed Shakespeare Festival. A superb documentary, worth top billing on any marquee.

Gilmour's Guide

Beat the Devil: Force thriller. Fair.
The Beggar's Opera: Musical. Good.
Beneath the 12-Mile Reef: CinemaScope action drama. Fair.

The Big Heat: Crime drama. Excellent.
The Boy From Oklahoma: Comedy. Fair.
Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.
Casanova's Big Night: Comedy. Poor.
The Command: Cavalry vs. Injuns in CinemaScope. Good.

Donovan's Brain: Horror. Fair.

The Eddie Cantor Story: Musical and biography. Fair.
Elephant Walk: Drama. Fair.
Escape From Fort Bravo: Cavalry vs. Injuns. Good.

Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent.
Glenn Miller Story: Musical. Good.
Great Diamond Robbery: Comedy. Fair.
Gypsy Colt: Farm-life drama. Good.
Hell and High Water: Action drama in CinemaScope. Fair.

Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.
Hondo: 3-D western. Good.

It Should Happen to You: Manhattan satirical comedy. Excellent.

Jubilee Trail: Western. Poor.
Julius Caesar: Shakespeare. Excellent.
The Kidnappers: Drama. Good.

King of the Khyber Rifles: Drama in CinemaScope. Excellent.

River of No Return: Western. Fair.
Rob Roy: Adventure. Fair.

Saadie: Morocco drama. Fair.
Sins of Jezebel: Drama. Poor.

Top Banana: Burlesque comedy. Good.
Trouble in Store: Comedy. Fair.

Wicked Woman: Sexy drama. Fair.
World for Ransom: Drama. Poor.

Yankee Pasha: Harem drama. Fair.

The Race for the Donkerbos Diamonds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

digger's license and a claim license and you all lined up at a starting point set by the mining commissioner, maybe two, three, four miles from the new ground. The commissioner read out the proclamation and then he dropped his flag and you ran like the devil to wherever it was you wanted to stick in your pegs; naturally the one with the best legs picked himself whatever piece he wanted.

It was a tough job getting our legs right again. Every morning when we got up it was still dark. We aimed to take it slow for a couple of weeks, just jogging along two miles out and the same coming back. The first three times after we'd done a mile I was finished, so I sat down and waited for Roy. Sure enough, he just kept on going, he had the kind of a jaw that never gives in. He was a bit under six feet and broad with sloping shoulders. He had a square moody face, but that jaw was the first thing you always saw.

In a couple of weeks I was going much better. Not so good as Roy, but seeing out the distance. After a month we stepped it up to six miles regular every morning. Suddenly I started to enjoy it and kept kidding Roy as we ran.

"Anyone can tell you're an old pug," I said.

"What do you mean, old?"

"You've got to have style for this running game."

"What do you mean, old?" he said.

Roy was a little in front of me and I was grinning. You know the way fighters move when they're doing road work. You know the kind of short sharp perky little steps they take, all the time blowing loud through their noses and rolling their shoulders and keeping their hands high with the elbows bent. That was Roy.

"Thirty's old," I told him. "Old for a fighter, anyway. Old for a runner even. I bet you could do with about six years off."

"If I had just six weeks more," Roy said. "Never mind about the six years. Six weeks more and I'd show them blasted athletes." That's all he could think of, the athletes.

"Perhaps they'll give it a miss this time."

"No. They'll be there."

Lots of the boys started drifting off the diggings toward Donkerbos and every day there were fewer and fewer left. The married ones had to get there early. I was sorry for the women and the kids. That's what made you feel bad, the kids with their pinched old-looking faces and the meekness in the eyes of the womenfolk, like they've been hit with something and they're still waiting for the next blow that's sure to come. Some of the boys got hold of dray carts to make the trip, and there were even a few with ox wagons and they had their tin shacks loaded up on top somehow and there was their whole world, the wives and the kids and the chickens as well. On account of the gravel Roy and I finally got away only the day before the rush. We had enough gravel for one more wash and we were still hoping the luck would change, but for all the good it was we could have left it.

It was late in the afternoon when we hit Lichtenburg. You should've seen it, it was like somebody had burned over an ant heap and everybody and everything was running and rushing about like mad. Then there were the folks shuffling around in the queues outside

the hotel, waiting for the taxis to come back. Outside the town we turned on to the dirt road that ran across the veld. It was dirt all right, the whole twelve miles of it was really dirt. There were trucks and Cape carts and taxis, there were even donkey carts, and they all kept tossing the dirt up into your face. Were we glad when we came to Donkerbos at last. It was just shacks and shanties and then more shacks. Hundreds of them. Spread all over the place like rashes on a sick man's belly. But we were glad to be there all the same.

"Looks like a mob all right," I said to Roy.

He was shaking his head. "Never seen this many before."

We stopped the car next to a tent. A man looked out.

"Where's a good place to eat?" Roy asked him.

"There's just the one place," the man said. "The Gaiety. Keep on up this road and you can't miss."

Pretty soon we came to a long corrugated iron shed with a fenced-in strip at the back. A low sloping veranda ran all the way along the

street front. There were dozens of parked cars.

"The bad luck's here already," Roy said as we got out of the Lizzie. He was pointing to a few sleek long American cars with Johannesburg number plates. "That's how these gents travel. Everything nice and super-duper."

"Gents? How do you mean, gents?"

"Them damn-blasted athletes," Roy said.

We stopped in front of the long notice board that hung from the veranda. HARRY MARSBERG'S GAIETY CAFE it said in letters a couple of



Boy's-eye view of SUMP'N SUPER

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feet high. Roy stood stroking his chin. "Marsberg?" he said half aloud. "Marsberg."

It sounded familiar to me too. I asked Roy, "Wasn't there a Marsberg near Christiana?"

"That's right," he said.

"The one that found that ten-thousand-pound stone."

Roy turned and looked at me.

"So you think *he* was the one that found the stone? It was his Negro boy, that's who found it. And guess what he gave the kid that found the stone?"

"I didn't know about the boy."

"A new hat, that's what he gave him." He laughed wryly. "The boy finds him a stone that sells for ten thousand so Marsberg gives him new hat. He's meaner than a flyspeck, that one." He looked at the notice board again. "Come on. Let's go in."

The wooden frame door, that was covered with mosquito netting to keep the flies out, slapped shut behind us with a bang. The place was crowded and hot and full of tobacco smoke and nobody took any notice. The bar counter was down at the far end and

there was a bit of a mob around it. Three girls with odd-looking blond hair were waiting on tables and one of them came over when we sat down. We ordered lentil soup and beef stew and a pot of tea and then we watched the girl as she went off for the order. She had very long thin legs. There were a lot of men trying their luck at the slot machines and pin tables along the right-hand wall. One of them was shooting the electric gun. You press the trigger and if you hit the bull a light flashes on. We saw him shoot four bulls and when he finished he

turned around. He was looking at us.

He was tall and young and his hair was a light brown. His cheeks were lean and firm like brand-new leather —you know that kind of a look when you're fit and fine. I was trying to think where I'd seen him, when he started coming over. His grey suit could have been fresh out of the tailor shop, every line was where it ought to be.

"Hello," he said to Roy and held his hand out.

Roy looked at him. He didn't get up or anything and the man stopped and put his hand down.

"I know you," he said. "You're Roy Summers."

"I don't know you," Roy said. "I know you." The fellow was smiling and trying to be friendly. He was like a puppy dog wagging his tail waiting to be patted. "I saw you fight in Johannesburg. I was still a high-school kid. We used to talk about nothing else but Roy Summers. This fight was in the City Hall and there were about six of us, but we didn't have the money so we sneaked around the back way. You go through the tramway offices and up some stairs and finally you're under the big dome and there's the ring down below at the organ end. We wriggled around and we just got settled when the police spotted us and came up after us. You remember that time? You came out of the dressing room just as they were taking us past and you asked what it was all about and you . . ."

"I just told you," Roy said. "I don't know you."

"But . . ." he looked from Roy to me, then back again. "You surely remember? You told the cops to leave us, you'd fix us tickets. You said you were a kid once too and used to scale into the fights yourself."

Roy just sat looking at the man.

"Surely you wouldn't forget a thing like that?" You could see the fellow couldn't make it out. "It was just a couple of fights before your eyes gave in."

"My eyes?" Roy said. "Never anything wrong with my eyes." He turned and winked at me. "You see anything wrong with my eyes?" Roy said.

"First I heard about it," I said, keeping it up.

"You must be making a mistake, pal," Roy said to the fellow.

"Look. My name's Jimmy Niells. Maybe you've heard it. But this I'm telling you about is gospel. I remember it like it was yesterday. I've never forgotten."

"Sorry, wrong number. So long, pal," Roy said.

Niells' cheeks went red. He stood there like he didn't know what to say.

"So long," Roy said again and Niells turned and walked off slowly. He was shaking his head. He sat down at a table across the room. He sat there looking at us.

I said to Roy. "Of course you know Jimmy Niells. Who wouldn't, the way they keep sticking his face in the paper? They say he's the best middle-distance champ for years. You must know him."

"All I know is what I want to," Roy said.

"You could have just said hullo. It wouldn't have hurt you to say hullo."

Some men came up from the end where the bar was. There were about

As far as he is concerned, you can do anything, Dad. And that even includes being ready for the unexpected.

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seven of them and all but one were quite young and held themselves very straight and you could see from their slick city clothes that they weren't just diggers. The seventh man was tall and pot-bellied with red hair and a thick ginger mustache. He wore a blue open-necked shirt and brown riding breeches and leather leggings.

"Hey," I said to Roy. "There's Marsberg."

Roy nodded.

He was sitting with his head down. His eyebrows were together and his bottom lip was over the top lip. The way he pushed his jaw forward gave it a bulldozer look. The men went over to Niells' table and pulled up extra chairs and sat down with him.

"So it's the same Marsberg," Roy said. "Just the kind they would run for." He brought his two fists up together just in front of his chest. It was like when he was coming out of his corner with the gloves on.

"You know what I feel like? You know what I'd like to do with that crowd?" He started to get up.

I put a hand on his arm.

"What good would it do?" I said to him. "Besides, here comes the girl with the grub."

THE RUSH wasn't till 11:30 in the morning, but before it was light we were up already and going over the course. We slept in the old Lizzie so all we had to do was stand up in our clothes and we went over to the tin rondavel that the mining commissioner used as an office. This was where they'd start from. It was about a mile from the Gaiety. We walked across over the veld a slow four, five miles till we came to a low kopje. On the top of the kopje was a dark bush. It was this that gave it the name, Donkerbos. At the foot of the kopje, this side of it, we could see where they'd been working. It must have been there that they found the stones.

"We ought to pick ourselves something around here," Roy said. He went on talking, then suddenly he grabbed my arm. "Who are those Johnnies out there?" he said.

"Out where?"

Roy pointed and then I saw them. They were over to the left and there were about a dozen of them. They had their backs to us and seemed to be in a huddle. They must have seen us because now they all turned around and started walking around, making like they were there for nothing special. Just then I spotted the riding breeches and leather leggings of Marsberg.

"I wish we'd got here a day earlier," I said to Roy.

"Doesn't matter."

"We could have had a good look around. That Marsberg must know every inch of the ground."

"Tell me," Roy said. "Can you see Niells? Is he out there with that bunch? I can't pick them out too good."

I took a look at them.

"Yes. He's there all right."

"Okay," Roy said. "Then all we've got to do later on today is watch where Niells makes for."

"You'll need a horse to keep up with him."

"I won't need a horse."

We walked back to the tin rondavel. There was a queue starting to build up already. After we got our licenses we went over to the Gaiety and we each had steak and a couple of eggs. Roy drank only half a cup of coffee to my two.

"What's the idea?" I asked him.

"Drying out."

"Drying out! You must think it's a fight or something?"

"What do you think?" Roy said.

We went back to the car and got changed into shorts and vests and t-shirts. Roy put on a very bright red vest. The morning started to drag a bit and the flies buzzed about in the hot sun and we sat in the old Lizzie wishing it was all over.

There was still a good three-quarters of an hour to go when we walked down to the start line. You never saw such a mob. There was a splash of chalk about a hundred yards long and at each end were a couple of cops mounted on horses. More cops on horses were galloping around over the veld. Here on this side of the chalk mark everybody was jammed like logs in a river. Lots of men were sitting down but some couldn't bear sitting down and kept jumping up all the time. There were some girls there too. There were about a dozen of them in blouses and bloomers and they were laughing. It was different to them, it didn't mean the same thing that it meant to the diggers. It wasn't their bread and butter, it was just a lark to them.

"Where's this Niells?" Roy said. "That's the first thing."

At first we looked for him together, then we decided to split up.

"How'll you find me again?" Roy asked.

I looked at his red vest and laughed. "If there was a fire engine five miles off, they'd spot you and come rushing up."

A little later I ran into Niells. I didn't have to find him, he saw me first and came up. He was wearing a T-shirt and running shorts and shoes with thick rubber soles.

"What's the matter with Roy Summers?" he said. "What's he so sore about?"

"He doesn't like athletes."

"He's changed. But what's wrong? What've we done?"

"How would you like it?" I asked him. "How would you like it if you were older and not so fit and you had to run against athletes?"

He still didn't get it.

"What's wrong with that?" he wanted to know. "It's nothing illegal. Isn't the rush open to all? As long as you put down your five bob for the license."

"Sure," I nodded. "But don't forget. It's a digger's license, not a runner's license." I told him about the time we picked ourselves a nice piece out at Grasfontein. There were diamonds there all right. Plenty. The only trouble, the day of the rush, one of the athletes got there first.

"I'm sorry," Niells said. "I never looked at it that way. Sometimes you can do things and you don't know that you're hurting somebody. Like with Roy Summers. I remember how we all used to look up to him when we were kids. We wanted to grow up like him. They never had a better fighter than he was."

A couple of butterflies flitted past slowly like they were taking a look at things. Then a fight started up between two black Kaffir dogs. Everybody turned and watched them. It was a sort of relief from everything else. I went off to look for Roy.

It didn't take long to find him and I pointed out where Niells was.

"What are you figuring?" I said. "You're not going to do anything crazy?"

"I'm going to stick with him."

"He's fit and he's got young legs."

"That's okay."

"He could run you into the ground."

"Okay, okay," he said roughly.

"Take it slow, man. Don't hurt yourself."

"You let me worry."

The crowd started jeering and hooting and we saw two mounted cops



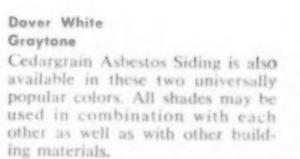
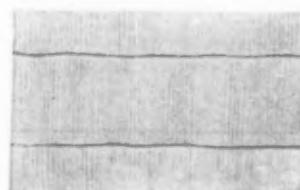
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riding toward us at a walk. Between the horses were two men, one of them grey-headed and limping a bit. They were both still carrying their pegs in their hands.

"What's wrong?" somebody asked.

"Just a couple of wise guys," I said. "Every time there's a rush you get them. The cops must have just flushed them out."

"But what's the idea?"

"Trying to get a jump on the field."

When I told him that the man's face changed. He joined in the shouting and jeering.

"In a way I don't blame them," Roy said. I looked at him.

"We should all get a start, running against these damn athletes," Roy said. He put a hand on my back. "Well, good luck."

"Good luck, Roy."

He walked over toward Niells.

A thin man in a khaki suit and wearing a sun helmet came out of the rondavel. He walked with a slight stoop and his face was tired. He had a sheaf of papers under his arm and there were three policemen with him.

Everyone stood up now. We all watched him climb into the cab of a three-ton open truck. The cops got in at the back and one of them fixed a big red flag on a bamboo pole to the back of the cab.

"Okay," he called out when he was finished and the truck started up. The two black dogs started to fight again, but nobody took any notice, everyone was watching the truck roll slowly over the veld. When it was about two hundred yards in front of the start line, it stopped. The man in the sun helmet got out of the cab and got in

at the back and stood next to the flag. "What's he doing? Looks like he's reading," someone said.

"That's right," said the man next to him.

"When do we start?"

"When that flag drops."

"It's dropped!" I shouted, and I wasn't the only one.

A roar like rocks rolling down a hill came out of the throats of the crowd and thundered down the line from both ends and met in the middle with a kind of concussion. Those right in front got away fast but the mass hesitated for a few moments and then moved forward in one lump and inside it everyone was elbowing and shoving and it was a wonder nobody got hurt from all the pegs whirling in the air. At first everyone was going fast like it was a hundred-yard dash and then the craziness began to subside and the pace slowed down. It started to feel less crowded but you still had to be careful with those pegs.

That first part was a long gradual uphill. I tried to find Roy but there were too many around me and it was only later on, when lots of runners began dropping back, that I thought I saw him. A long way ahead, right out in front near the top of the rise, a handful of men were running. And among them was this red vest. Then they were out of sight over the top.

Poor old Roy. You couldn't help feeling sorry for him. The way he was trying to hang on to them trained athletes. Roy with his short-stepping ugly twisting jerky motion like a washing machine, and Niells with his distance-killing legs moving smooth like the hindquarters of an eland. Roy was tough and he could take it, more than most of them he could take it, but there was a limit to everything. And just then my own troubles began.

PLenty of troubles. I was going to take it easy, like it was just training. But everywhere there was stubble that near twisted your ankle off, and then the long stretches of uphill, there hadn't seemed all this uphill when we went over it in the morning. And there was that burning in your chest and the dryness in the throat and your legs getting heavy and slowing down on you, and after that the pins and needles in the side. Several times I stopped and knelt down and bent forward right over my knees and then I would start up again and begin to be going good and then the needles would come back, only now they felt like long hatpins. I don't know how long it went on like that but all the time there was this running and stopping. It seemed like I'd been on the veld all day when at last I got to the top of another rise and there it was—that dark bush on the top of the kopje. Thank God, I said to myself.

But where was Roy?

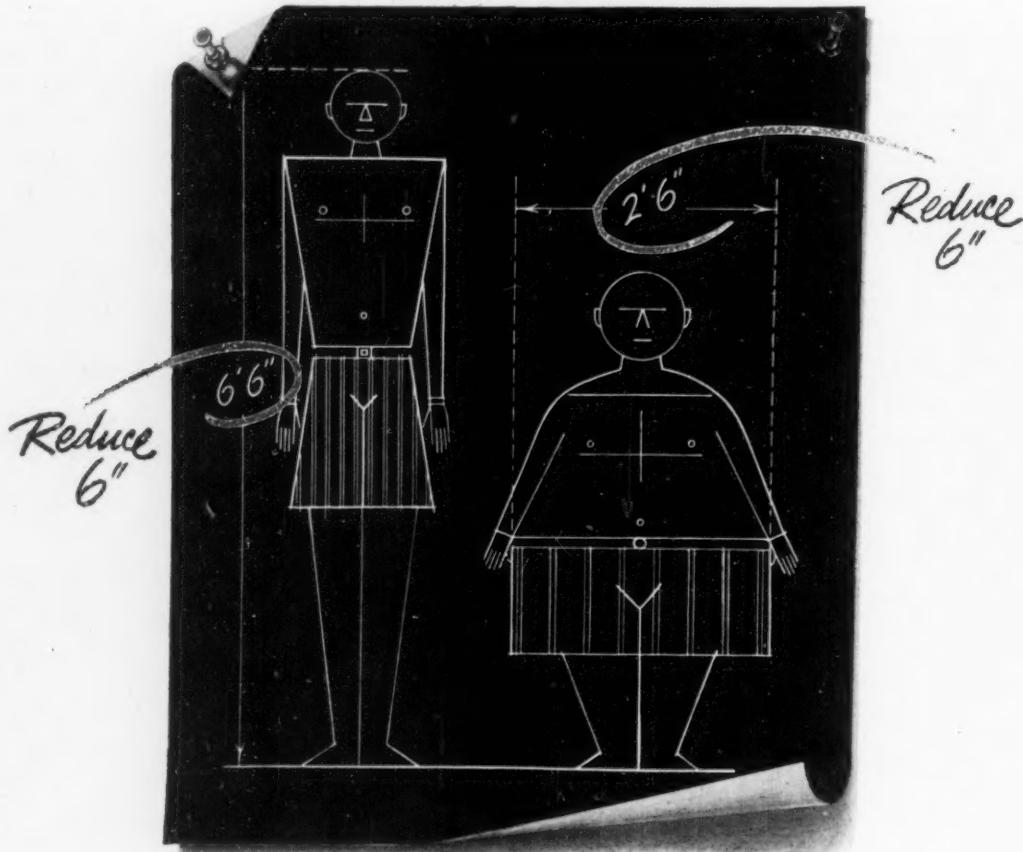
It was only when I got closer that I saw the little red blur on the veld. It began to get bigger. Suddenly I forgot my own troubles and started to run as hard as I could. It was Roy all right.

He was lying on his side sort of half curled up and there was blood coming from his ears and mouth and nose. He was breathing jerky and he was groaning. I stretched him out and started working on him.

"How's he?" someone asked. I looked up and it was Niells. There were some red marks across the front of his vest.

"Anything I can do?" he asked.

I looked up at the sand and dirt that was on his legs and shorts and then I looked at his vest. "You know by any chance what happened?"



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"He must've run himself out," Niells said.

He stood watching for a bit, then he walked off toward where he had his pegs about fifty yards off. It took a little while for Roy to come around and then he opened his eyes.

"Where's Niells? Where's Niells?" he said, starting to shout.

"What you worrying about Niells for, when you've got your pegs stuck in?" All four pegs were in good. I showed him where Niells had pegged a claim farther up.

Roy looked at the pegs and started to say something and then stopped. A bunch of men came running over the crest behind us and I suddenly remembered about my own pegs and picked them up and stuck them in alongside Roy's piece of ground.

"You got a jerk on that time," Roy said and started to grin.

We were waiting for the mining commissioner to come up and okay our claims, when who should show up but Harry Marsberg, riding breeches and leggings and red head and all. He was walking past us to where Niells was, when he stopped and looked back and then looked at the bush on the kopje and back to our claims again. It was like he was taking a line on it.

"Wonder what's got into him?" Roy said.

Marsberg went over to Niells. He was waving his hands toward our ground. He seemed to be having an argument and then he came over.

"You blokes care to sell?" he asked.

"What'll you give us?" Roy lay on his back with his arms under his head. He didn't bother to sit up. "A new hat, hey? Like you gave your boy at Christiana?"

Marsberg's face changed color. "I'll give you a couple of hundred each."

"So long," Roy said.

"I'll make it more."

"Go on. Clear off."

Niells went off the next day and we didn't see him again for six months. We'd ordered a blue Cadillac and Roy wanted to be sure it was a sky-blue and not just any blue, so we came up to Johannesburg to make sure. That's the way it was with us. Roy liked the color when he saw it, then there was the fixing up of the papers and I left that to him. We arranged to meet in the Carlton Hotel Grill.

There was no sign of Roy when I got there; but at one of the tables there was this fellow all by himself.

"Hullo Niells," I went up and held out my hand.

"Hello." He was surprised and pleased. "How you doing?"

"I feel like the Oppenheims. It's going good. Extra good. Thanks to you," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"You carried Roy about half a mile. I could tell from the blood on your vest."

He tried to grin it off but it didn't go. "Anyway," he said in the end, "it wasn't half a mile."

"And you stuck his pegs in."

"Aw, forget it." He asked, "Does he know?"

"No."

I felt a hand on my shoulder and there was Roy.

"Who's your friend?" he asked. Then he took another look. "Oh, it's him?" He pointed to a table in the corner. "Let's go there."

"Let's sit here," I said. "Let bygones be . . ."

Roy started moving off and I looked at Niells.

"Sorry," I said.

"Never mind."

"I ought to tell him."

"No," Niells said. "That way it might spoil it for him too." ★

How I Became a French Chef

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

best from the quite good. The almost imperceptible difference between fresh and freshest is all important. And shopping is not a twice-a-week affair but must be done every single day.

Listening to lectures about shopping is a great help but the only way to acquire shopping experience is to buy

it. There are no supermarkets in France and shopping means daily visits to four or five stores and market stands. Bread is not obtained at a grocery store but at a bakery; a *patisserie* is a separate place again. The only place to get milk is at a *laiterie*. The butcher limits himself to the sale of beef, veal, lamb and sometimes pork. Poultry, game and all sausages are handled by other merchants. Such specialization is unavoidable because no French housewife would trust a system that offers pre-cut meats in glistening cellophane. She wants to

confer personally with the butcher and watch the meat cut according to her directions. At the grocer's she wants to taste a sliver of cheese and discuss its merits.

The central source of practically all the food eaten in Paris is *Les Halles*, which Emile Zola referred to as "the belly of Paris." Farmers for miles around take their wares to this wholesale centre. Cabbages are piled six feet deep on the road outside the buildings. Mountains of fragrant strawberries, pyramids of carrots, deep beds of watercress are delivered,



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Again this year, The Royal Canadian Golf Association will present the Seagram Gold Cup to the winner of the Canadian Open Golf Championship. This famous trophy, which bears the names of some of the world's greatest golfers: Little, Snead, Nelson, Wood,

Locke, Harrison, Ferrier, Palmer and Douglas—will be competed for on July 14, 15, 16, 17, at the colourful Point Grey Golf and Country Club in Vancouver. To all spectators and competitors, The House of Seagram extends a hearty welcome and best wishes.

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That's an improvement over Franz Mesmer, "Father of Hypnotism", whose powers, it's said, came from a mysterious magnetism. Mesmer would don a lilac silk dressing gown, wave an iron wand over the "subject", and mumble a secret incantation. Most times, it took half an hour before the first snore.

Hypnotism is not something to fool with, but it does have uses. One well-known advertising agency employs a hypnotist to find out about likes, dislikes and "reasons why". The subject's answers are recorded, then studied by psychologists. They claim they can get a complete case history of a man's experiences with almost any product. Such as when he started to buy it, why, his first brand, taste reaction and so on.

If our agency hired a hypnotist to find out why more Canadian subjects ask for Molson's than any other brand, they'd be wasting money. No need to question a soul. All you've got to do is take a sip of "The Ale Your Great-grandfather Drank" and the answer's on the tip of your tongue.

Molson's sole debt to Mesmer is the incantation business, and that's no secret. Just murmur the magic words "Make Mine Molson's" and signal towards the bar. It never fails to bring the sleepiest waiter out of a trance in two seconds flat.

weighed, counted and bargained for. Greenhouse growers arrange their carnations, tulips and lilacs on the long benches. The air is redolent of flowers, ripe peaches and oranges. Vegetables and fruits in France do not have to travel far so they are not picked half-developed but allowed to ripen in garden and orchard. This is one reason French fruit and vegetables seem exceptional.

Les Halles is beyond doubt the best-stocked market in the world, displaying live fish, lobsters and eels in tanks, truffles, mushrooms and morels, any luxury you fancy. The vast meat halls contain prime meats and game, ranging from capons to boar's head. But these are bought up for the luxury stores and hotels and the morning throngs of Parisians hurry about filling their baskets with cheaper stuffs, here and at the numerous smaller markets all over the city.

The average French housekeeper figures out exactly what she will need for the day and buys not a fraction more. If all she needs is one egg she will buy only one egg. All her purchases are on this scale but before laying down one franc she may trudge weary kilometres around the entire market and to several shops until she has found the best at the cheapest price.

The characteristic French thrift is a natural result of scrimping made necessary by successions of wars. The masses were forced to make the best of giblets, tripe, lungs and pigs' hearts, and now there is actually a preference for these parts. Every root, leaf, stem, flower, fruit and nut finds its place in the cuisine. Frogs' legs came into popularity in France because poverty spurred the Frenchman on in the discovery of new foods. He also made use of the snails that live on the vines of Burgundy.

The French became excellent cooks not despite their limitations but because of them. In making the only food they could get appetizing, they developed an absolute genius for seasoning. It's impossible for the French housewife to cook unless her kitchen is supplied with nutmeg, cloves, thyme, bay leaf, garlic, mustard, chilies, saffron, basil, mint, marjoram, peppercorn, anise, sage and mace.

Such Lavish Leftovers

The secret of the delicious aromatic flavor in soups and sauces is the use of a bouquet of herbs or a *bouquet garni*, and sometimes it is indicated in a French recipe. To make a *bouquet garni*, lay upon the left hand a few branches of fresh parsley, well washed, and place upon this a sprig of thyme, a sprig of marjoram, a bay leaf, a sprig of basil, a celery leaf, and a small piece of cinnamon stick, also a clove of garlic if liked, together with a small blade of mace and a pepper pod (long pepper). Fold the parsley around the other herbs and tie with strong cotton into a neat bundle.

The use of every scrap of food adds to the French housewife's seasoning variations. *L'art d'utiliser les restes*—creating different and savory dishes out of leftovers of all kinds—is an important part of the tradition of French cooking. For instance, there is nothing around a kitchen that looks less promising than leftover soup meat but the French housewife has a way of handling *bouillie* which makes a distinguished dish out of it. She achieves this by browning tiny onions in butter and adding them to the boiled beef cut into small pieces. This is seasoned to taste with salt and pepper. A tablespoon of consommé, a glass of dry white wine, garlic, parsley, both well chopped, and a little butter are



added, and the mixture is cooked for about ten minutes while the sauce reduces to one fourth.

To step up the taste and tenderness of cheap cuts of meat, the French naturally utilize what has always been a cheap commodity in their country—wine. However, now that French wine cooking has been widely adopted, the meats benefiting from it are usually the most expensive; this has given rise to a mistaken notion that only expensive wine is suitable for cooking. Obviously this is not true because a vintage wine is recognized by its distinctive flavor and if the flavor of the wine happens to be recognized in the sauce, then the sauce is not successful. The important thing to remember about the use of wine in cooking is that the wine is *cooked*. In the process the wine itself is volatilized, its flavor blending with those of other ingredients into a harmonious ensemble, which perfumes the dish and fills the kitchen with the aroma of delicious things to come.

Shopping in Paris, I was shocked to find that in the land of Louis Pasteur the milk is not pasteurized. He is remembered chiefly as a defender of wine as a part of man's healthy diet. Science may have revolutionized everything from transportation to lipstick but it is kept strictly out of the French kitchen. At the Cordon Bleu we had no thermometers, no scales, not even a simple measuring cup. When I asked how long lamb cutlets should cook, the answer I got was, "What's the use of saying cook for twenty minutes? Do I know the quality and tenderness of your meat, the freshness and size of your vegetables?" It was often baffling to work with measurements like a *little* sugar, a *handful* of flour, a few eggs, a *whisper* of onion, a *generous sprinkling* of brandy but we were constantly told that a recipe is not a prescription but a suggestion. "A great deal depends on expressing your own individuality and imagination."

One afternoon the instructor had me to thank for providing him with the best illustration for this attitude to cooking. Our group was making soufflés. I had come across a precise recipe in a smart American magazine which I decided to follow. There was a festive atmosphere in the kitchen as one by one the students opened the ovens and brought forth delightful golden soufflés, puffed up like chefs' caps. But when I took out my own it was a flat black-topped pancake.

Disappointed and confused, I brought over the instructor; he smiled victoriously and called the others around him. "The writer of this recipe," he explained, "may be a gourmet but he is not cook; he loves good food and may know how to put words together but definitely not eggs, flour, milk and butter. By learning to *think* through a recipe, instead of following it slavishly, you would at least be able to spot the inaccuracies in the instructions for making a beautiful dish; you could then rewrite the recipe and turn

out something probably very like what the writer ate before describing it."

All the same I am firmly convinced—and this is from Cordon Bleu experience too—that it is bad policy for a beginner cook to try anything but the most exact measurements possible. Actually, experienced cooks acquire a sort of sixth sense regarding measurements out of their experience. But this still leaves plenty of room in which the beginner can experiment. When I feel in a creative mood, I follow the example of most French cooks and turn to leftovers where the choice of ingredients is very wide and the creative possibilities are unlimited.

Here is a simple way the Cordon Bleu taught me to transform leftover cooked meat into a glamorous banquet dish. Slice the meat, or mince it, but don't wet it, and turn it over in hot fat, spreading on a very little meat extract to tune up the flavor. Then cover the meat with slices of cooked potato or a heap of creamy mashed potato, and leave it in the oven to become brown. You'll get a lovely golden brown if, in addition, you cover the potato with a good sprinkling of grated cheese. Brighten this effect by putting on a few slices of paper thin lemon, a few slices of tomato or unpeeled cucumber or sliced olives to grill with the potato-cheese. At the last minute, sprinkle on some finely chopped green things like watercress, sorrel or parsley and your artistry might evoke an extra compliment.

It's All in the Sauce

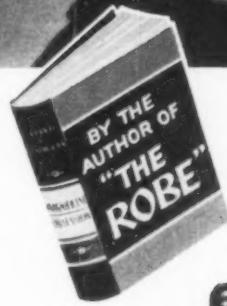
Whenever I particularly enjoyed a dish in a French establishment, I visited the kitchen to speak to the chef and in most cases he gave me the recipe. But I have learned to expect that no matter how closely I may follow it, add or subtract, change or improve, I will rarely succeed in bringing to the table quite the same thing that the French chef made of it. There is hardly any difference between the dishes as far as the basic ingredients are concerned, but the one important difference which no recipe can describe and which raises French cooking to its high peak of excellence is *les sauces*. French sauces include not only the gravy on the stew and the cream sauce on the cauliflower but also encompass the salad dressings, the melted-butter dressings and other appetite-provoking additions which North Americans do not ordinarily consider to be sauces.

The secret of sauce magic is tasting. The chef never measures out ingredients according to a formula, drops them into a pot at once and then hopes for the best. He adds the flavoring in small amounts and throughout the cooking process keeps on tasting. He takes great care in adding the salt and pepper; the liquid reduces in cooking but not the amount of salt and pepper put into that liquid, so that the finished dish is bound to be more highly seasoned than when it started. But to bring out the flavor properly the right quantities must be there at the time of cooking; adding them at the dinner table will not do. For this reason a great chef must have such a refined palate that when he tastes a filet mignon he can count with his tongue the grains of salt used to season it. He must take as much care of his palate as a singer of his vocal cords; therefore he drinks very little wine, never hard liquor and he never smokes.

Evidence kept piling up at the Cordon Bleu that more than an ocean divides us from France. A girl from Massachusetts raised her lovely hand one day and asked if when the instructor named the ingredients for a dish he would also mention the inter-

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national units of vitamins and other food values. The instructor, fiery Raymond Desmeillers, looked quite puzzled and replied, "How should I know, I'm not a doctor! But if you want my medical opinion—the healthiest food is the kind which is the best flavored."

In France a doctor is just a doctor but a chef is an artist. In 1923 the Salon d'Automne, the great seasonal art show in Paris, officially recognized gastronomy as the ninth art (moving pictures being the eighth). In France, chefs are often more famous than painters, writers or politicians; they have a popular following like bicycle heroes of the Tour de France and stars of the screen and stage. The *ruban* of the Légion d'honneur is the French equivalent of knighthood and is frequently bestowed on deserving chefs. Last year when Gaston Marin retired as chef on the French Line he was decorated with the Légion d'honneur, Croix de guerre and Médaille maritime.

French chefs feel their kinship with fellow artists very strongly—even though one of the most famous, Carréme, spoke of sculpture as "one of the branches of *pâtisserie*." In Paris alone there are 46,000 painters and the bill for a number of meals in a restaurant is often paid with a picture; some have become quite valuable and some are worth less than their cheap frames. Camille Renault, proprietor-chef of Chez Camille Renault owns over 300 paintings of contemporary artists. If you compliment him on his food, he'll take you upstairs and show you some of the better paintings in his collection. Cafés like the Dome and the Rotonde in Montparnasse proudly exhibit on their walls these blank cheques signed by artists.

After I had been at the Cordon Bleu for a while and was able to make some critical remarks about the cooking to my neighbors in the restaurants, all the barriers that remained standing between the French and myself suddenly dropped. Previously I had tried to get into conversations by saying something about the current performance at the opera; I tried commenting on the bicycle races; I even began to dabble in Existentialism. The response was always very polite but unmistakably cool. But when I opened up with food everyone was anxious to get into the discussion. And during last year's strikes in Paris there were some nasty clashes but the fighting stopped at midday when the police and the disturbers dispersed for lunch. Grievances were renewed at two o'clock!

After I had learned to make dishes like chestnut soup, croquettes, veal chops and veal stew I began to wonder when the Cordon Bleu would teach us to make one of those "complicated" recipes of the French cuisine, the kind with the long and fancy names. I asked Pierre Mengallette, the instructor, and he replied, "Never." He gave an explanation of the three schools of French cooking. There is *haute cuisine* (which comprises the renowned recipes of the great chefs), *cuisine bourgeoise* and peasant—or in other words, classical, family and plain-folk cooking.

Most of our misunderstanding about French cooking, which accounts for the little progress made in its study and practice, arises from the confusion of these divisions. In many cook books the French recipes are an unfortunate jumble of simple dishes and those of the most complex description. What can be more irrational than to give recipes for Prunier's Lobster à l'Américaine, Flamed Peaches à la Maison Dorée intermixed with those of stewed rabbit, ragout of beef and such dishes? It's thoughtless to present a housewife with the *recherché* recipes of a famous



chef because the duties of a chef in a large luxury restaurant or hotel are very different to those of someone cooking *en famille*.

Peasant or plain-folk cooking consists of *les plats régionaux* and since the higher classes spring from the local dishes, they are the most basically French. The Cordon Bleu concentrated chiefly on *cuisine bourgeoise*. In France, *haute cuisine* is taught in a separate institution, the Ecole Hôtelière de Paris. To be admitted to this school the student must pass a stiff written examination which is about on a par with that of the *élite* corps of the French Army. The course lasts a minimum of four years and to attend the school a student must have a robust physique, excellent eyesight and a well-developed sense of smell and taste.

Mouth-Watering Onion Soup

The dishes of regional and family cooking are simple and without pretension. It is the sort of cooking North Americans like. It is the kind of food which should be eaten in the home and prepared by mother in her blue apron rather than a \$15,000-a-year chef. North Americans once resident in France are ever afterward attacked by a returning longing for onion soup, which even the peasants regard as a cheap peasant dish. Several versions of this soup are known in France but the finest of all, in my opinion, originates in and near Lyons, where onions are esteemed as roses are elsewhere.

An old Lyons recipe is now yours. In a flameproof three-quart soup casserole melt a half cup of butter and sauté three thinly sliced onions until golden brown and soft. Sprinkle flour over the onions and stir until well blended. Heat two quarts of beef stock (a can of consommé with water will do nicely). Cover and simmer for twenty minutes. Add seasonings—one bay leaf, one teaspoon brown sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper. Cover and place in oven (300 degrees) for one hour.

Toast eight thick slices of French bread, butter them, and sprinkle thickly with grated Gruyère cheese. Uncover the soup and stir well. Arrange the

toast over the top of the soup and place the casserole in the hot oven (375 degrees) three to four minutes or until the cheese melts. One-half cup of dry white wine added just a few minutes before serving will give the soup a delicate overtone. Bring the casserole at once to the table and serve in hot soup plates. This quantity serves six.

Soup à l'oignon, like the peasants' snails and frogs' legs, is now served with ceremony in the finest restaurants. But anyone who has eaten it in Paris knows that it tastes best at a marble-topped table or counter of some little bistro. The reason for this is that a bistro is a tiny restaurant which a couple runs on not much more than a family scale. There are over 8,000 restaurants in Paris and over half of them are bistros; in both cooking and atmosphere every one is different. The bistro being as technologically backward in refrigeration and food storage as the average French family, it is essential that everything be prepared to order. This in turn means that food is freshly bought, freshly cooked and arrives at the table at the pink perfection of succulence. Anyone who has enjoyed some of the delights of this cooking agrees that it is far wiser for the French to linger in the nineteenth century than attempt to mechanize their meals. This is a marvelous attitude for cooking but the French also apply it to industry and agriculture.

The French are creators and much too individualistic for mass-production methods and this more than any other factor accounts for the economic difficulties of this potentially rich country.

Sharing a stove with half a dozen Frenchwomen—and shopping with them and sampling their cooking—I couldn't help learning a lot about them personally. I no longer feel sorry for the French housewife who spends so much time in the kitchen. She is not lured by dishes which can be most quickly made because cooking is her creative work and not in the same category as dishwashing and making beds. It is an important way to please her husband and she has been brought up to think that pleasing him is her main goal in life. The great compliment to a young girl is not that she

is brilliant or beautiful, but that *elle plait* (she pleases) and to a middle-aged woman, *elle plait encore*.

One afternoon a middle-aged French-woman was looking at a recipe for angel cake in a magazine I had received from home. She was shocked when she turned a few pages and came upon an article called, *An MD Gives You Key to Happy Marriage*; it was illustrated with graphs and statistics and contained a handy-to-clip square in which was printed a seven-point summary of instructions. "I suppose if I follow this recipe I'll look as radiant as the girl on the cover," she said sardonically. "Now it's clear to me why you have so many divorces over there. It's because you turn to psychologists, psychiatrists and marriage counselors for instructions on love and they also give you precise recipes for marriage."

The one subject besides cooking on which everyone in France considers himself an expert is love, and this too is an art and not a science. Everyone makes marriage suit his individual taste and the only factors on which everyone agrees is that it requires *beaucoup de temps* and a lot of imagination. Of course they have their share of problems too but they don't expect an automatic formula or a bright little gimmick to fix everything up. Anyhow, the French are very thrifty and they would never be so wasteful as to throw out the ingredients or scrap the marriage in order to begin all over again.

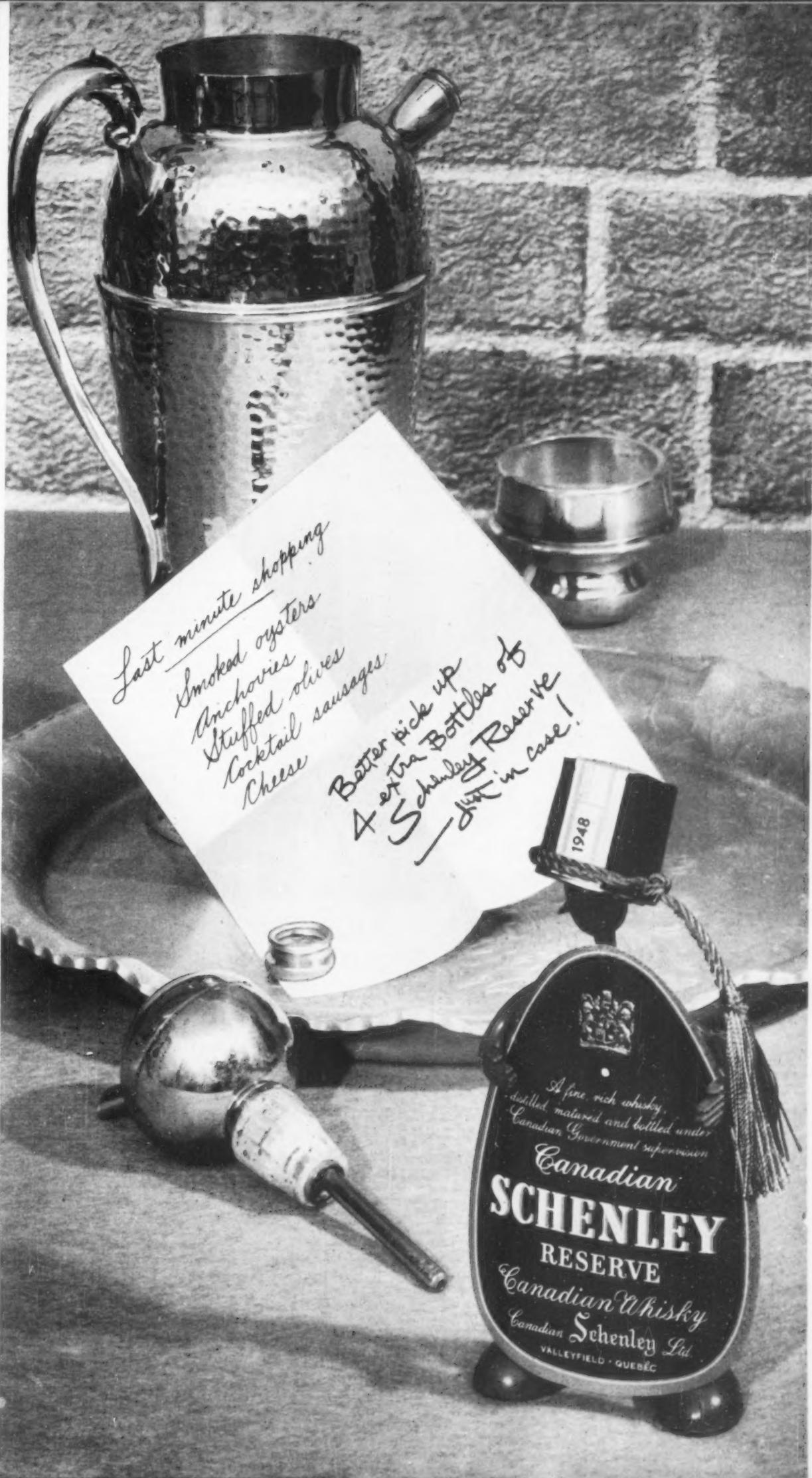
And Now—the Omelet!

The last lesson I took at the Cordon Bleu was on egg cookery. We were told there are 685 ways of serving eggs; the instructor outlined a few as he placed a pan on the stove and prepared for the practical demonstration. Then he announced he was going to perform what is considered the most difficult feat of the *grande cuisine*, which is making a good omelet. He set aside about three tablespoons of butter and out of six eggs and seasoning he prepared a lightly beaten mixture.

In a matter of seconds, not minutes, it was done! The moment he put the butter in the pan and swirled it around quickly he poured in the egg mixture. The moment the eggs were in the pan the edges began to set; immediately he ran a spatula under the centre so that all the uncooked part ran under the cooked. Twice he did this; then he took a hot dish in his left hand, and gently slipped half the omelet onto it and with a deft turn of the right wrist lowered the second half on top of the first. He quickly passed it to the front row of students with a tray of forks and proceeded to make another.

Tasting his omelet I felt I had never tasted omelet before. In France, its native home, the perfect omelet is served *baveuse*, that is, the interior is semi-liquid or creamy. Preparing an omelet is supposed to be the supreme test of any chef. His secrets are: a thick iron pan should be kept for making omelets only and after use it is never washed, but rubbed over with some clean tissue paper, then with a piece of clean rag. The pan must be left on the fire empty for a good quarter of an hour in order that it be so hot that the piece of butter you put in smokes at once. Once made, an omelet must not and cannot wait, not even a minute. But as the instructor passed the last omelet to the third row, all women, he said, "It's not the eggs and the butter and the salt that goes into the omelet, it's the *love* that goes in."

"This," he added with a knowing look, "is the greatest secret of French cooking." ★



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The In-Betweeners

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

today counts its mailing list at 350, mostly from Ontario.

Handicapped by lack of voting strength, lack of money, lack of unity and lack of organizational know-how, the In-Betweener is handicapped most of all by lack of sympathy. Millions of Canadians are strongly opposed to divorce on religious and ethical grounds and many politicians frankly consider it political dynamite.

Liberal MP David Croll, who urged for years that a special committee be set up to study divorce, confesses that lately he has more or less given up. "Too much opposition," he explains. Senator W. M. Aseltine of Saskatchewan, honorary president of the Divorce Reform League, has attempted for several years to inaugurate wider grounds for divorce. CCFer Stanley Knowles, MP, is keenly interested in divorce reform but is limiting his efforts to trying to get time-wasting divorce cases out of parliament, where he insists they don't belong, and into the Exchequer Court.

Two years ago, at the Canadian Bar Association's annual convention in Vancouver, a resolution was introduced suggesting that divorce be removed from federal jurisdiction and put under provincial control, as a possible first step toward wider grounds for divorce in Canada in line with British reforms. The resolution was defeated.

The frustration of the In-Betweener is complete and there is no end to it in sight. Although eight provinces administer their own divorce courts, divorce laws fall under the jurisdiction of the federal Government under the terms of the British North America Act. An English divorce law which went into effect in this country a hundred years ago states that Canadians have one single ground for divorce: adultery. The only exception is in Nova Scotia which by pre-Confederation statute retains its right to grant a divorce for cruelty. Divorce cases from Quebec and Newfoundland are handled by a Senate Committee and passed on to the Senate and the House of Commons in the same manner as a private members' bill. As a matter of principle they too are granted on the ground of adultery only.

But according to some of the In-Betweeners who appear here under fictitious names, adultery is not the only thing that can turn a marriage into a nightmare. There is, for instance, the terrifying experience of being married for 17 years to a psychopathic personality, as was Mrs. Dancer, a nervous little woman from Windsor. At forty, her face is lined and old.

She told me she married her husband when she was 20. She had known him casually all her life, for they had lived in the same neighborhood as children. He seemed to be a nice boy, a bit lonely. His parents were dead and he lived with a doting foster mother. They settled down in a small apartment with everybody's blessings.

Then Mrs. Dancer began to notice her husband changing. Although her family lived on the other side of town, and seldom visited them except by invitation, he took a violent dislike to them, refused to let them in, refused even to explain why he was angry at them. One evening Mrs. Dancer casually mentioned that a favorite aunt of hers might be visiting Detroit soon and that she was looking forward to lunching with her. At this news, her husband (who had never met the aunt, or even heard of her) enquired where the aunt

lived, telephoned her, and insulted her in the vilest of language. Soon he resigned from his job, where he was doing well and was generally liked. He said the boss was picking on him and would have fired him soon anyway. He got another job and resigned from it too. The man on the next machine, he said, was plotting to kill him. By now Mrs. Dancer was really frightened. She asked the advice of their family doctor, but he said there was nothing physically wrong with her husband, that he was just nervous and worried. He advised her to leave him alone and he'd snap out of it. Perhaps Mr. Dancer was frightened by the fact that his wife was pregnant. He seemed afraid of responsibility.

The weeks and months wore on. Luckily Mrs. Dancer had a small income, so they didn't starve. Day after day, throughout her pregnancy and after the birth of a healthy baby boy, Dancer stayed home, reading and re-reading the same page of the Bible. After a while, he began to collect books on how to be a success. He sat up all night making charts of his personality. Sometimes he was morose, silent and withdrawn. Other times he talked all day and all night, following his wife from room to room, as she did the housework. Once he set fire to the curtains and then called her in from the kitchen to see them burn. He tried to drown himself in a nearby lake. By now there were two little sons and Mrs. Dancer lived in a state of mortal terror that he would injure them or herself. She lost weight, couldn't sleep, developed all sorts of physical ailments. She remembers her marriage as a time when her husband was hospitalized for serious mental trouble seven times in 12 years, for varying periods of a month to a year. "Marriages made in heaven? Mine was hell on earth," she says bitterly.

She's Still Terrified

A couple of years ago, Mr. Dancer was released from hospital in an improved condition, on probation. He is living apart from his wife, working, and anxious to return home. Mrs. Dancer is sympathetic but firm in her resolve not to try again. After 17 years of trial and failure, she feels the stability of her family rests on her own continued good health, the assurance that she will not become pregnant again, and the knowledge that her two young sons are not exposed to their sick father's capricious personality. But, like many In-Betweeners, Mrs. Dancer is still terrified of her husband, feels tied to him and would give anything to be free.

Not all In-Betweeners' cases are as melodramatic as Mrs. Dancer's, but most of them seem equally insoluble. Incurable insanity is grounds for divorce in some other countries, including England, the Scandinavian lands and numerous parts of the United States. The Rev. C. Bernard Reynolds, a former lecturer at the Anglican Theological College of British Columbia and today president of B. C.'s Divorce Reform League, told me that he personally knows of eight cases where one spouse is hopelessly insane. "How many hundreds must there be across Canada?" he reflects.

His question is justified, for according to latest figures from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, almost half of the newly admitted patients to mental hospitals in 1952 were married or separated (but not divorced). The same percentage holds for re-admitted patients. Many In-Betweeners have carried on for years bringing up a family alone while their mates were confined in mental institutions, often

without hope of a permanent cure. In 1952, for instance, 777 mental patients died in Canadian hospitals *after ten or more years treatment*, another 115 patients were discharged as unimproved after a ten-year stay, and 182 were finally discharged as improved.

There's a saying among social workers that "desertion is the poor man's divorce" and a large percentage of In-Betweeners—probably the largest group—are deserted husbands and wives. Official figures do not reveal their true number since many women prefer to keep their humiliation and heartbreak to themselves. At the opposite end are husbands who prefer to hang around and make life miserable for their families.

Because of their evident and drastic effect on a family, incurable insanity, desertion and continual physical cruelty are the three additional grounds for divorce suggested by most advocates of reform. However, it is obvious that the marital situation of many In-Betweeners is not nearly all black and white. The Marriage and Divorce Reform Association has discovered that behind the indignant accusations of "he did this to me" and "she did this to me first," there are echoes of the immaturity, the jealousy, the sexual difficulties, the desire of one spouse to dominate, the determination of another spouse not to be dominated, the religious differences, the economic factors, the interfering relatives, the illness, fatigue and tensions of our time which combine in one way or another to break up a marriage in the name of *incompatibility*.

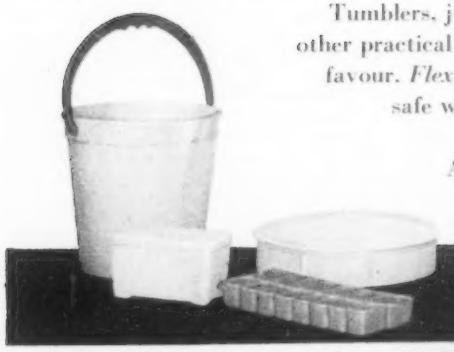
Consider the case of Doris Ferguson, the "intellectual" daughter of a southern Ontario farmer whose family always predicted, "You'll never marry. You're so fussy nobody would suit you." Over and over she heard it.

When she was 19, a man 11 years her senior fell in love with her, dogged her footsteps, listened sympathetically to her views, won the approval of her parents and persuaded her to marry him. She realized she was not in love with him but she liked him well enough. Besides, hadn't everybody warned her she was too fussy? Probably she loved him as well as she'd ever love anybody, she reflected. And so they were married.

The couple endured eight years of unhappiness. Right from the start, strong-willed Doris Ferguson knew she had made a mistake. "We never could achieve any sort of understanding on any subject," she says. If she suggested something, her husband suggested the opposite. The only way to get around him was by flattery, which she despised. He didn't like her friends and she didn't like his. She was ambitious for him, but he wouldn't be pushed. He was furious when they had a baby. He didn't like children and resented the child's demands on his wife. They had violent arguments over religion, for Ferguson had recently joined what his wife considered a fanatical fringe group and now spent several nights a week at religious gatherings, insisting she accompany him. From a man who once embarrassed her by off-color jokes, he changed into a man who considered the mere mention of sex obscene. His lack of co-operation and abuse became so evident that one day Doris Ferguson took her small son and walked out of her husband's house for the last time. What broke up their marriage? No doubt Ferguson has her own version, but incompatibility is as good a word as any.

Naturally, not all suffering In-Betweeners are women. Hundreds of Canadian men have their own stories

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of what went wrong with their marriage. They tell sordid stories of wives who drank too much, or ran around with other men, or refused their marital duties, or were insanely jealous, or possessive, or extravagant, or chronic naggers. They tell of slovenly wives who kept their house like a pigpen, and of other wives who lavished so much love on their home that they hadn't any time or energy for loving the people who lived in it.

Dr. John Griffin, director of the Canadian Mental Health Association, believes that *immaturity*, sometimes of

one spouse, sometimes of both, is responsible for at least 25 percent of all marital breakups in this country. There's little to compare with the vindictive loathing of many an In-Betweener for the one they consider the cause of their misery. Anything good their separated spouse ever did is forgotten or minimized; everything bad is remembered and exaggerated. One man I met keeps a thick book in which he has written down his separated wife's background, schooling, personality and misdemeanors over the 15 years of their miserable mar-

riage. Another man lives a few blocks from his wife, from which vantage point he can keep an eye on her shortcomings. In-Betweeners are never sure what their separated mates are up to, but often they suspect the worst.

Recently I visited a medium-sized Ontario town to interview a few In-Betweeners who lived there. But I found my evenings wasted because the men I had gone to see refused to talk to me in private. They feared they might be discovered in what might possibly appear as a compromising situation. Should this happen,

they explained, any possible future divorce action of theirs against their wives could be defeated by a counter-charge of similar misconduct against themselves. Nor were they anxious to supply grounds for divorce themselves, on the grounds of adultery, since they considered themselves fairly good-living men, of some standing in the community, and were unwilling to be publicly branded as an adulterer. And so I found myself questing them about their most private lives in crowded restaurants and speeding along highways by automobile in a high element of cloak-and-dagger intrigue.

Over and over, men and women who have no religious convictions against divorce told me they can't see why the single sin of adultery should be their only legal exit from a relationship that is already ended in every other respect.

A man from the Maritimes whose wife has been in and out of rest homes for most of their married life, says, "Whatever else she was, she was always a fine girl morally. I wouldn't like to accuse her of infidelity, even though everyone would know it was a put-up job between us."

When he speaks of a "put-up job," the man from the Maritimes refers to *collusion*, legally defined as an agreement by the parties whereby adultery is either procured or pretended, in order to get a divorce. The way it works is something like this:

"Punishment for the Guilty"

Mr. A wants a divorce from Mrs. A. She is agreeable to having their marriage dissolved. But as the situation stands in Canada, there must be "adversary proceedings"—that is, one of them must have grounds against the other, and those grounds can only be adultery. So Mr. A and Mrs. A each hire a lawyer. Then a couple of private detectives burst in on Mr. A a couple of Saturdays later as he is spending a dreary afternoon in a hotel bedroom with a half-clad young lady whom he never saw in his life until this day and probably will never see again. Now Mrs. A has her "evidence" and the divorce action can go ahead.

The reason for this is that Canada's divorce law operates on the principle of "punishment for the guilty, satisfaction for the innocent." There must be (or appear to be) one wicked spouse who has done everything he could to wreck his marriage and one good spouse who has done everything to save it. If both spouses are innocent but nevertheless want a divorce, they cannot have one. Similarly, if both can be proved guilty of misconduct, no divorce will be granted.

How much collusion is there in Canadian divorces? Twenty years ago the late Justice Kingston of the Ontario Supreme Court estimated that nine out of ten actions that came to him were the result of collusion. David Croll thinks that 90 percent is not too high a figure. Stanley Knowles thinks "upwards of 50" would be a fairer guess. But Henry L. Cartwright, a prominent Kingston lawyer who has written several books favoring divorce reform believes that a mere ten percent of divorce actions are strictly collusive. His quarrel is with those judges who dislike divorce cases on principle, who suspect collusion in every divorce action, and who are only too happy when they can turn down an appeal on a technicality. It is a fact that nine out of ten divorce actions go uncontested. Recent American statistics cite adultery as responsible for only nine percent of all marital breakups in the U. S. A., cruelty being cited in 39 percent and desertion in 32 percent. It appears evident that if Canadians could cite

... Her loveliness I never knew

Until she smiled on me:

Oh! then I saw her eye was bright

A well of love, a spring of light.

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wider grounds for divorce, the true amount of adultery leading to divorce might come to light.

Critics of the present Canadian law declare that it encourages perjury, deceit, hypocrisy and a cynical attitude on the part of the public toward the law. One lawyer told me about two couples he met socially who gleefully related how they'd done each other a favor by providing the necessary evidence in their respective divorce actions. Another lawyer regaled me with amusing anecdotes about a young woman he knew who earned her pin-money by being "the other woman" in hotel bedrooms over the week end.

Often an In-Betweener is balked by a mate who refuses to sue him. Then the wife or husband, faced with no possibility of divorce and subsequent remarriage, settles for a common-law relationship whereby they are "married but not churched." Such a relationship is no bed of roses, for apart from its financial problems (often the man in the case is paying a large part of his salary for the support of his legal family), society frowns on the common-law couple, the church deplores their situation, and they themselves, if they are religious by nature and upbringing, find themselves fighting a constant sense of sin and guilt. In-Betweeners consider it tragic and ironic that a legal code intended to bolster the moral code ends up by flouting it; and that marriage, intended in the first place to protect the family, by its legal continuance does just the opposite, leaving hundreds of Canadian children unprotected and vulnerable.

A man whose wife deserted him and who is now living on the prairies with a common-law wife recently wrote the Marriage and Divorce Reform Association, "We are worried about our teenage daughter who has no idea she was

born out of wedlock. Everybody thinks her mother is my legal wife. I would do anything to get my life straightened out but within the existing laws I am powerless."

In 1938 a bill to permit divorce for incurable insanity, desertion or physical cruelty actually passed the Canadian Senate. But the House of Commons shelved it by a vote of 102 to 53. Since then scattered attempts to widen grounds have met with a solid front of opposition, especially from Quebec. Millions of Canadians living in other provinces, both Catholic and Protestant, are irrevocably opposed to the dissolution of marriage by religious conviction. Others base their opposition on ethical grounds, pointing to those American states which grant divorces on very general grounds of "mental cruelty." The In-Betweeners contend that the same standards do not have to be imported to Canada and that more honest divorce does not necessarily mean more frequent divorce.

Generally, those who favor divorce reform fall into two groups: those who think the first step should be appointment of a royal commission to make a report, and those who feel commissions are a waste of time, and prefer working for an amendment to the BNA Act, making divorce a matter for provincial jurisdiction. The Divorce Reform League of British Columbia leans to this latter solution, but in Toronto the Marriage and Divorce Reform Association would welcome either move as a step in the right direction. At present, they point out, the most they can hope for is a legal separation—a simple agreement drawn up by a lawyer.

Without divorce, whether legally separated or not, an In-Betweener remains an In-Betweener to the end of his days. ★



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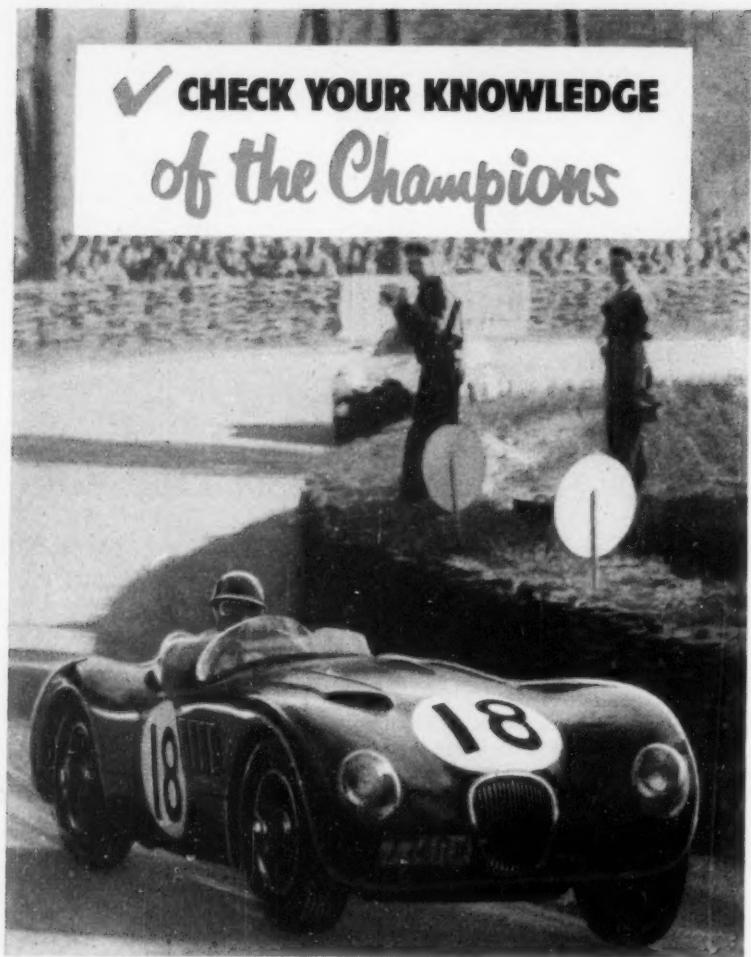
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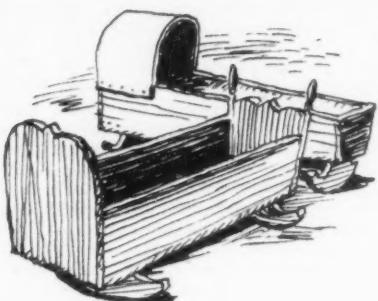
CHAMPION
 SPARK PLUGS



THE WHITE AND THE GOLD

A CARGO OF BRIDES

Continued from page 19



King) was unpleasant medicine. A wedding with them had been a gay and festive occasion and they had brought with them from the French provinces many quaint beliefs and customs. Great care was always taken to have no brooms used about the house after the ceremony because that would condemn the couple to a lifetime of poverty. They firmly believed that the first one of the newlyweds to get into the nuptial bed would be the first to die but they do not seem to have evolved any way out of the difficulty. Did they sit up all night? Or did the bride take one side and the groom the other, making it possible to slither in between the sheets at exactly the same moment?

The King displayed benevolence on the other side of the register, however. Handsome bounties were offered to those who bowed to the royal will. Twenty livres went to both contracting parties when they were within the stipulated age. This was called the King's Gift and it was surprising how general was the desire to take advantage of the offer. Louis then proceeded to make it worth their while to have plenty of children. Any couple with ten children received a yearly pension of three hundred livres. The size of the pension grew with further increases. Twelve children entitled the parents to four hundred livres a year.

The number of families enjoying these bounties was surprisingly large. If the climate did not make the women immortal, it perhaps had some part in the fruitfulness they displayed. One of the New Year customs was to scratch the names of all the children in each house on the frosted panes of glass, and it was not at all unusual for the record to continue from window to window until every bit of glass had been filled.

Dollier de Casson, that amiable giant who had given up soldiering for a life of self-sacrifice in the garb of the Sulpician Order, cites the classic example of the haste to marry which the insistence of the King had engendered in the public. In Montreal a woman had been widowed while still young enough and comely enough to consider a second venture. He reports that she "had banns proclaimed once, was exempted from two other callings, and had her second marriage arranged and carried out before her first husband was buried." He did not seem to find such haste unseemly. In fact, he held it up as an example of what was entirely proper and admirable.

Even the most absurd laws and restrictions concocted for the unfortunate habitants were in no sense theoretical; they were meant to be enforced. "You are to lay the blame on yourself," wrote the King to one of his intendants who followed Talon, referring to some breach of laws, "for not having executed my principal order." The insistent monarch was completely in accord with the sentiments expressed by Intendant

Meules in one of his letters. "It is of very great consequence," wrote this sycophant, "that the people should not be at liberty to speak their minds."

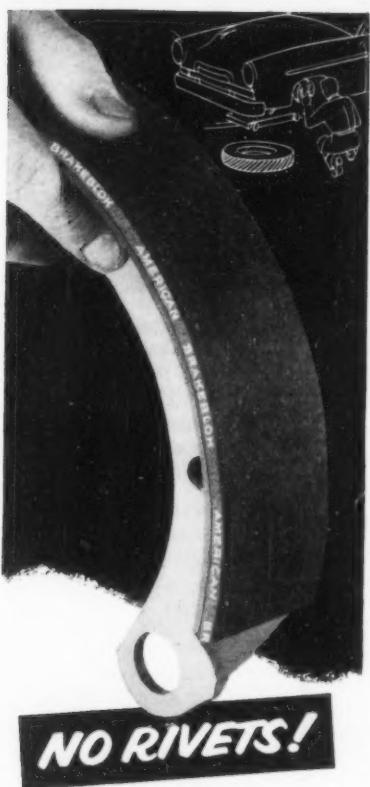
As it was essential that the land be cleared and cultivated, the habitant was forbidden to move into town on pain of being fined fifty livres and having all his goods and chattels confiscated; and a corollary order made it illegal for townspeople to rent houses or rooms to tenants from the country, the fine in their case being fixed at one hundred livres. No one could return to France without leave, and such permission was rarely given. The farmer must not own more than two horses or mares and one foal, because he might not then raise cattle and sheep in sufficient quantities.

The townspeople were fairly smothered with picayune restrictions. Merchants were not permitted to hold meetings for discussion of business matters. No one could trade in foreign goods and any article purchased abroad, except from France, would be seized and publicly burned. Innkeepers were not permitted to serve customers during High Mass or any church service nor were they allowed to serve food or drink to anyone residing in the town. Bakers were ordered to make dark brown bread although there was little demand for it. Dark brown bread was never served at the royal table but the King believed it was doubly nutritious; and so bake it in their ovens the poor bakers must.

Torture for Profanity

Every house must have a ladder so that assistance could be rendered when fire broke out in town. Citizens had to dig a gutter in the middle of the street in front of their property. Chimney sweeps had to be employed twice a year by each householder at a price of six sous. Dogs had to be kept off the streets after a certain hour on Sundays. People were not permitted to sit on the benches in front of their houses after nine o'clock in the evenings. Licenses had to be obtained to hire domestic servants.

Many of the regulations seem traceable to clerical influence. The habitant was an excitable and volatile fellow who liked to vent his feelings in loud ejaculations such as "Palsambleu!," "Sacrebleu!," and "Corbleu!" The King nevertheless reached the decision that no form of profanity was to be allowed. On the first four occasions that a citizen was charged with blowing off his feelings with rough words, he was fined on an ascending scale. For the fifth offense he was sent to the pillory. For the sixth his upper lip was seared with a red-hot iron. The seventh lapse led to the upper lip being branded as well. After that the offender was considered hopeless and mercy could no longer be extended. An eighth offense was his last. He was led out, his arms bound with ropes,



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and in the sight of everyone (all people were under orders to go whether they wanted to or not) his tongue would be cut out, so that no longer could he profane the air with his violence and blasphemies.

Women had to be home by nine o'clock of an evening. This was designed no doubt to nip in the bud any tendency to hold evening entertainments and balls, but it was the one restriction which seems to have been disregarded. Visitors to Quebec wrote glowing reports of the social gaiety of the place and the beauty and vivacity of the ladies.

Unmarried girls were permitted to dance with one another only, in their own homes and with their mothers present. Ships from France were not permitted to bring in rouge (but they brought in everything else in the way of new fashions and beauty aids).

A society was formed in Quebec known as the Congregation of the Holy Family to which only women belonged. They met every Thursday at the cathedral where a room carefully protected from eavesdropping was provided for them. The purpose of the meetings, although this was never openly acknowledged, was for each one present to tell everything she had heard about others, good or bad; a practice borrowed from the convents of earlier centuries. It is probable that the members were more likely to recite the bad deeds than the good ones, and certainly disciplinary measures were followed only when misdemeanors were retailed. The fathers and husbands of the good ladies who belonged to this gossip mart became highly incensed and tried to put a stop to it, even securing the aid of Talon in the matter. They had no success. The ladies enjoyed the tattling and they had the support, or so it was whispered, of Bishop Laval.

One of the hardships which caused the men of the colony to complain was the number of church holidays and saints' days when they were not allowed to work. "How can we cultivate our land," they cried, "or build a thriving business in our stores when we have no more than ninety working days?"

La Hontan, an army officer serving in the colony, found all this highly objectionable and was particularly bitter about the prohibition which had been put on the possession of any books save the Lives of the Saints and similar volumes of a devotional nature. He was himself the victim of this regulation which the priests carried out with unrelenting severity. It was in Montreal that he ran afoul of the King's orders.

Printing being still in an infant stage, certain kinds of books were extremely expensive, particularly those which appealed most to this avid purveyor of spicy detail. There was one book which had to be printed in secrecy and sold from beneath the counter with blinds drawn, being probably the most pornographic and obnoxious in the world at that time. La Hontan possessed a copy, a perfect one which made it very valuable. One day he returned to his rooms and found the curé there. The good priest had taken the book in hand and was just tearing out the last of the offending pages!

King Louis' ideas on the rights of man—harsh though they were even for his own day—did contribute to one gentle interlude in Canada's past. The King's Girls were not his invention but they are a part of his legacy to our history.

The English had sent young females to Virginia to provide the unmarried men of the colony with wives. The Spanish had sponsored similar voyages

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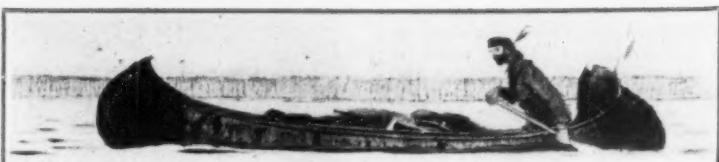
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The Outlawed Lords of the Forest

is told in the next instalment of Thomas B. Costain's *The White and the Gold*. Illustrated with another original painting by Franklin Arbuckle, it will appear in our next issue.

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to the Indies. It was a situation made to order for writers of romance and many stories have been published over the years about girls of great beauty and good family who ran away from home and joined the colonial shipments, always finding the husbands of their hopes and dreams.

It is doubtful if any girls of the nobility came to Canada under such circumstances. The closest approach to a romantic atmosphere, in fact, is contained in a brief reference by Intendant Talon.

"Some of them are *demoiselles* and tolerably well brought up," he wrote to Colbert in France, in speaking of the 109 King's Girls who had been sent that year. A less charitable assessment of an earlier shipment—made to be included in a nun of rather more rigid ideas—had included the word *canaille*.

Doubtless, nevertheless, the *demoiselle*'s Talon mentions were girls with good background and, even, a little education. They were wrangled over and selected and married, probably to military officers or men of more than average property. They were happy or unhappy thereafter according to their dispositions and the luck they had had in finding compatible mates.

Farm Girls Were Best

Many hundreds of the King's Girls were sent out over the two decades when the need for them was felt. As many as 150, in fact, arrived at one time. They came mostly from the northwestern provinces of France, from Normandy, Brittany and Picardy. The preference seems to have been most decidedly for peasant girls because they were healthy and industrious. Girls from the cities did not prove as satisfactory; they were inclined to be lightheaded, lazy and sometimes sluttish, and the sturdy young habitants had no desire for wives of that type even though they might be prettier and trimmer than the broad-beamed candidates from the farms.

It is very doubtful if any girl of high degree fleeing from an elderly suitor (the reason most often employed in the romantic stories) or for political reasons could have succeeded in enrolling for Canada. The candidates were looked over carefully, their birth certificates were examined and their recommendations from parish priest or confessor were read and considered. There were a few occasions when mistakes were made and girls were admitted who had either been guilty of loose conduct or

had criminal records. The exceptions had been frequent enough to explain the slighting descriptions of the outspoken officer, La Hontan, who visited the colony and wrote a book which contains the fullest information available on this matrimonial traffic. There were even a few cases where women who had been married were brought out. What happened to them when they were caught is not explained. Probably they were submerged in the ducking stool or publicly whipped before being sent back. A wife's status under French law was pretty much that of a chattel. It was almost impossible, for instance, for her to regain her freedom. Infidelity on a husband's part was not acceptable as an excuse. Only if he beat her with a stick thicker than his wrist could she claim the right of separation.

La Hontan tells us the girls landed, of course, at Quebec where they were looked over by the local swains. There were sometimes bitter complaints that the best were snapped up in Quebec and the culls were then sent on to Three Rivers and Montreal. On first landing, after making the long journey under stern duennas appointed by the government, they were placed in three separate halls for inspection. What basis was used for determining to which hall a girl should be sent is not stated, not even by that arrant gossip La Hontan. Were they divided according to weight or coloring or even according to social background? Whatever the arrangement may have been, it permitted the authorities to direct the young men who came seeking brides to the particular hall where they were most likely to find a suitable choice.

The girls had the privilege, of course, of refusing any candidates who might want them. It is on record that they did not hesitate to ask questions of the embarrassed swains who paused in front of them; presuming that the girls were drawn up in lines or elevated on platforms like slaves at an auction or as they were on occasions in the French provinces when the glove was up for a Gigot Fair and candidates for domestic service were scrutinized by questing employers. Among the questions they were likely to ask were the following:

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"How many rooms are there in your house?"

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"Are you addicted to drink? Are you of clean habits?"

It was seldom, however, that they carried things to the point of a refusal, for that was a chancy proceeding. They had come out to find husbands and it behooved them to take advantage of an offer. They did not want to be among those who were passed over by all the shuffling, staring arch males who filed through the halls. Some, alas, failed to find favor and had to be content with domestic service for the rest of their lives. An unwanted King's Girl was a tragedy, her lot sadder than that of a confirmed spinster, for she had publicly proclaimed her willingness to be chosen. She invariably became soured and ill-tempered, the target of sly jokes and innuendoes as long as she lived.

La Hontan says the plumpest girls were taken first and this undoubtedly was true. The bachelors wanted healthy partners who could be depended on to do their share, or a little more, of the work. A bad complexion or a squint could be overlooked if the figure were inxom.

Men Were Better Dressed

The truth might as well be stated at once: there was little of romance in the coming of the King's Girls and their absorption into the life of the colony, little more than at a sale of livestock. The marriages followed immediately after the selection, priest being on hand to conduct the ceremony and notaries to make out the necessary papers. The girls would be dressed in their best; but their best, poor forlorn waifs, would not be very gay or suitable. Some undoubtedly would have nothing to wear but the cardinal cloaks they had used on the sea voyage, with the hoods folded back. None of them would have the finery of a bride with parents to fit her out properly: gloves with drawstrings of silk, three-cornered hats with jaunty pompons on top, or whalebone stays to make her look slim or *criardes* to stiffen out her skirts. Perhaps a few of them would be lucky enough to have trussing chests, the equivalent of the modern hope chest, with a few treasured odds and ends in the secret compartment, the *till*, as it was called.

The men on the whole would be better dressed. They would have on their long-tailed coats (of red cloth in Quebec, of course) with turned-up cuffs and immense side pockets or, if they had saved up enough to be a little festive, a cool ratteau capot which was made with stiffeners and flared out from the waist.

Each couple was given an ox and a cow, two pigs, a pair of chickens, two barrels of salted meat and eleven crowns in money. This started them off well.

The result of these hasty marriages was to create a belief that the bracing climate of Canada was particularly advantageous to women. "Though the cold is very wholesome to both sexes," wrote Dollier de Casson, from Montreal, "it is incomparably more so to the female who is almost immortal here." The need for children was considered of such importance that the innumerable letters carried back and forth across the Atlantic, many of them in the King's own hand, were concerned largely with the problem of multiplication. It was even believed

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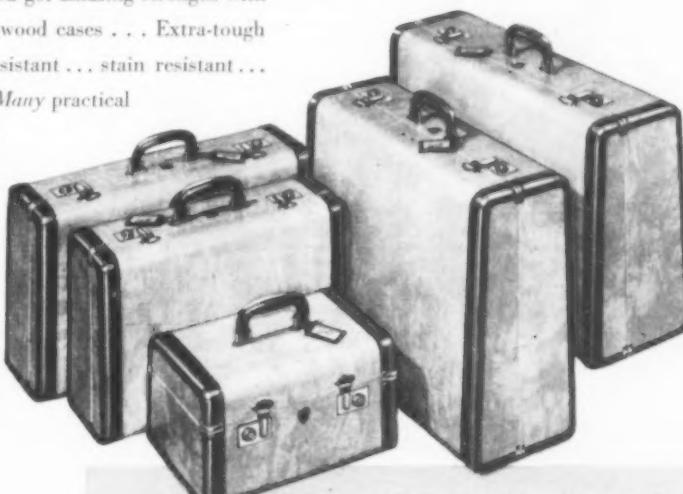
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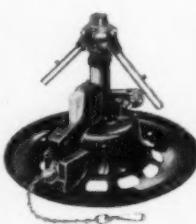


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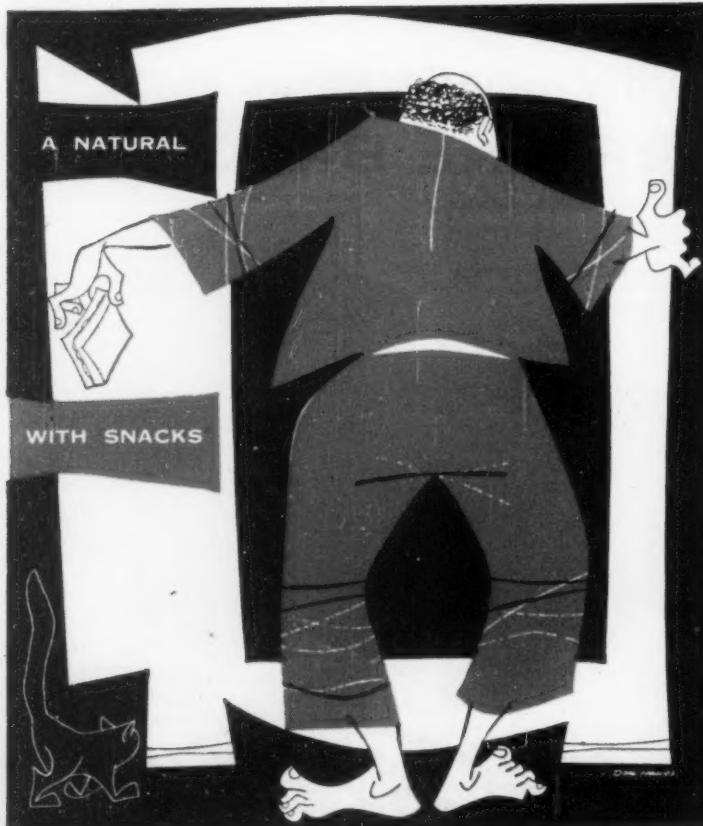
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that marriage between Frenchmen and Indian girls could be a useful factor and it was suggested that husbands might be found among the colonists for the Indian maidens. Talon conducted an enquiry into this before he returned to France the second time. But he reached an adverse opinion. The young squaws, he reported, did not bring many children into the world because they nursed them too long. This was a fortunate finding: otherwise the resourceful monarch would have found some ingenious regulation for the encouragement of miscegenation.

Talon's reports on the King's Girls were generally favorable. In 1670 he stated that most of the young women who had arrived the year before were pregnant already. His information proved to be perfectly sound. In the following year nearly seven hundred children were born in the colony.

The efforts of the King to evolve by decree the kind of state he desired in the New World have been defended on the ground that strict laws were indispensable. The land was far removed from civilization and the conditions encountered were in every way extraordinary: a continent of vast extent thinly populated by savages, the climate severe, the means of sustenance small. It was hard to find volunteers for a life so different and so terrifying. Among those who were induced by one means and another to go out were few with a wholehearted desire to take up land and to make a living by their own efforts. The bulk of the colonists were so averse to agricultural pursuits, in the early stages, that they had to be fed from France or so liberally endowed that they were dependents of the crown. There was very little general employment and so the idle hands of the men in rusty coats and patched knee-length stockings who loafed in the streets of Quebec and Montreal could not be kept out of mischief. Nothing but the strictest discipline by regulation, say the apologists, could keep such communities from falling into economic and spiritual chaos.

There is some truth, of course, in these observations. Strangely enough, however, the strongest evidence which can be advanced to excuse the royal policy is that it drove men into the woods, and this form of disobedience proved in the best interests of the colony. The opening up of the north and west had always been among the chief aims of the French in the New World. The Jesuits thought of the whole continent as their field and the eyes of the statesmen fixed themselves resolutely on the ultimate goal, the discovery of the Northwest Passage. Unwilling to be told what they could and could not do, the *courreurs de bois* set out in ever-increasing numbers, their canoes filled with goods for trading with the Indians, their resentful eyes fixed on the waterways and the woods ahead of them. The exodus was so great that at one time the loss to the towns was estimated at a quarter of the effective male population.

This can be cited, therefore, on the credit side of the ledger for the Marinet of Marly that, as a reverse effect of his incessant interference, the frontiers were rolled back and the north and the west were slowly opened up. ★

NEXT ISSUE • PART TEN

The Outlawed Lords of the Forest

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

was assailed by many voices in Britain for undertaking it. After much travail the plan took shape. India was to be a republic within the Commonwealth and Pakistan was to be a self-governing dominion also within the Commonwealth.

There was trouble, tragedy and terrible bloodshed. In defense, Nehru would probably have quoted Oscar Wilde's words: "At the birth of a child or a star there is pain."

But the Americans were happy. They had incessantly urged upon the British the necessity of freeing India if a true Anglo-American band of comradeship was to come into being. On my lecture tours across America in 1946 and 1947 the one question that was fired at me everywhere was, "Why don't you get out of India?" I might have answered, "Why don't you give full freedom to the Negroes in the South?" But that would have been tendentious. The duties of a guest are more rigid than those of a host.

That Two-Faced Giant

When a rock is loosened on a mountainside it may mean little or it may mean an avalanche. Burma followed India. The British 14th Army had fought with tremendous heroism to save it from the Japanese but Attlee gave it away in a single speech. I do not criticize him. Events of such magnitude cannot be judged at the moment. Only the unforgiving years can tell in retrospect whether such immense events have been wisely or badly handled.

Certainly Britain was too weakened by war to hold her Empire by the sword. It may well be that the dismissal of Churchill by the British electorate in 1945 was a signal that imperial Britain had lost faith in British imperialism. Also we had plenty of troubles brewing in Africa.

Yet one did not need to be a necromancer to see that a new and enormous world force was taking form. Asia was in the throes of becoming a political as well as a geographical entity.

Russia, like a two-faced giant facing both east and west, saw the vast possibilities of this uprising. So did China which had endured the conquering imperialism of Japan and had embraced the philosophy and the cruelty of Communism. "Free China," her leaders called their country as they did away with such poorly nourished flowers of freedom as had already flourished there.

That very big little American, President Truman, saw the red light of danger. Some of my Maclean's readers may remember that when I saw Truman at the White House not very long after the Hitler war was ended, he pointed to the globe on a swivel which Gen. Eisenhower had given him and said, "There—in Asia—is where our trouble is coming from." His instant decision to fight in Korea was not a hasty decision. He had been pondering the Far Eastern situation for weeks and months.

Asia—what is it?
Asiatics—what are they?

Facts are normally dull things but sometimes they can be very dramatic. Roughly speaking, every second person in the world today is an Asiatic. James Cameron, a British journalist who has made a deep study of the subject, reminds us that the Asiatic population is approximately fifteen hundred millions and that it is increasing by 50,000 a day. With a nice touch of the pictur-

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esque he adds, "Two thousand new mouths to feed and ambitions to be fulfilled for every hour on the clock."

Yes, facts can be not only exciting but ominous. The influence of Asia stretches out to the frontier of Europe, to the Arctic, and points at Australia and New Zealand. Here is a yellow giant with many eyes and long, lean fingers.

The student of history may intervene at this point and ask why we should assume that the mere texture of the skin should bind various tribes and nations into a menacing unity. What about the white races? Gaul and Teuton have fought through the ages and even America only achieved nationhood at the point of the sword from imperialist Britain.

But there is a difference. The white nations of the world had the composite continent of Europe, rich in the arts of government and culture as well as being undisputed leaders of the human community. Their wars were for the glittering prizes of power. Even the French Revolution, founded on the sublime cry of "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," speedily resolved itself into an imperialist war against the other imperialist powers of Europe.

In Asia there is a community of backwardness, of poverty, of blunted opportunity, of ignorance and, in some territories, of despair. But also in Asia there is a fierce pride such as was shown by Japan until she was compelled to bow her head humbly to the Americans.

Strangely enough human destiny works in wondrous ways—Japan is now an outpost for the forces of the West. Not even the dropping of that terrible bomb at Hiroshima has altered Japan's basic sense of unity with Britain and now with America. If we admit that it is a policy of self-advantage let us also repeat that Japan was a loyal ally to Britain until the U. S. A. persuaded us to cast her off.

Therefore, we must realize that Asia does not lack experienced leaders. We have the sad-faced Nehru trying to bring the arts of self-government to India and making his voice heard far beyond the boundaries of that sub-continent. In Moscow there is a collection of able men, ruthless in action and limitless in ambition. Is Russia angry with Europe? Then she becomes slant-eyed and Asian. Is she annoyed with Asia? Then she becomes a blue-eyed European.

Russia has powerful underground allies in Asia; such as poverty, disease, ignorance and despair. They make fruitful soil for the germs of Communism. The Russian prides himself on being a European but at heart he is an Asiatic. That is a truth that the Western world should never forget.

Are we then to look ahead to a frightful and perhaps final war of Asia and the West? No man can be certain of human destiny but I do not think we need lose sleep over such a prospect.

The mercilessness of science has probably achieved a considerable period of uneasy peace for the world. Even if it is only a truce we should do everything possible to make the most of a period where the guns are silent or are confined, as in Indo-China, to a limited area.

There are two Asias—the Asia of wealth and the Asia of poverty, the Asia of culture and the Asia of great ignorance, the Asia of enlightened expression and the Asia of dumb despair. We can no more ignore it than we can ignore the sun, the moon and the stars.

As I write, the dreadful battle of France against the Communist forces of Indo-China seems to be past its last hours. Ladies and gentlemen, lend me your ears. Do you remember when you called for the crucifixion of Cham-

berlain because England, without the support of Canada or France or the U.S., should have declared war when Hitler said that he would invade Czechoslovakia? Have you anti-Chamberlainites lost your tongues? Is your conscience contained within the boundaries of a geography atlas?

I never thought that Chamberlain should have gone to war over Czechoslovakia for the good reason that neither France, America nor Canada were willing to take a stand. Therefore, I think we were perhaps right in not sending troops to Indo-China.

We must look beyond the present battle into the years ahead. First we must study Asia and realize that she has produced some of the greatest philosophers and poets in all history.

We must also realize—and this is my final point—that the poverty and misery cannot be confined to an area but must spread their deadly germs across even the most closely guarded frontiers.

Poverty . . . without it Communism would die. Poverty . . . without it there would be no wars. Poverty . . . without it there would be no atheism because man is a creature that needs God.

Poverty Breeds Despair

I know that in the minds of some die-hards there remains a conviction that low wages to the worker make big profits to the management. That philosophy is not nearly as strong as in the early days of Victorianism but it still exists.

Poverty brings profit to no one. On the contrary it breeds despair, revolution and war—the three costliest things ever created by man. Therefore the first concern of the Western world, as it looks out upon the backward territories of Asia and Africa, should be: "We must destroy poverty in order to save ourselves."

There is a wise old boy in the House of Commons named Sir Walter Fletcher. He spent many years in Malaya and sometimes when parliament is sitting late we talk at great length.

"Underpaid workers," he said, "are no good to the capitalist system. The workers are our customers—whether they are black, yellow or white. Unless we pay them enough to buy our manufactured goods we are sunk. What is the basic trouble in Kenya or Uganda or even Jamaica? We have never taught the blacks the joy of a refrigerator or a motor car. Give them something to work for and they will work. High wages are the cheapest in the long run."

I think there is much wisdom in what he says. Communism can only survive and grow in countries where the standard of living is pitifully low.

Man was not created by God to have an easy and slothful life. We were not given qualities of courage, patience and endurance merely to lop the fruit from the trees. We were not given imagination merely to dream but to chart the seas and build temples and factories and homes where once wild animals roamed. We were not given the power to make and administer the law merely to decide a quarrel over the ownership of a mule.

No longer can we live our lives in isolation. We are part of the human comedy and the human tragedy. There is no such thing today as distance. Asia is on our doorsteps just as Europe and Africa are.

Somehow we must control destiny or destiny will destroy us and the ultimate historian will write: "In those far-off days there were civilized nations which failed to realize that frontiers had ceased to exist save for customs purposes." *



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What It Takes To Be a Mountie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

who writes: "I would like to devote my life to fighting crime." One man wanted to join "because I look good in uniform." The RCMP does consider how a man would look in uniform, but it's scarcely a main prerequisite.

The word the force is looking for in these applications is "service." Spalding says, "You'd be surprised at the number of letters that begin, 'I'd like the chance to serve Canada . . .' A sense of adventure and romance is fine, but it has to be balanced by maturity."

After the written tests, comes the crucial trial: a soul-searching interview with one of the 15 RCMP divisional personnel officers. This man has been an outstanding policeman for years. He's been schooled by the best Canadian psychologists. He sets the applicant at his ease and encourages him to talk, noting that his shoes have not been polished, that his hands show too much tension, or that his manner is too casual.

The applicant expresses his ambitions in his own terms. "How about pay?" he asks. "If I went to work in the factory at home I could make sixty a week. How's that stack up with the Mounted Police?"

The personnel officer may make a mental note that the applicant thinks too well of himself. He may suspect frustration. "Got any hobbies?" he asks.

The applicant has collected stamps for six months, then he took up the trumpet, now he is playing around with photography. The personnel officer thinks he may lack persistence.

"Sports?" prods the officer.

The applicant lists a few sports none of which involve bodily contact. "No hockey?" asks the officer, "No football?"

Now the policeman bears down and extracts the essential point. The applicant dislikes physical violence. The officer takes over the conversation. He tells the applicant about the times policemen have been shot at, about men who get roaring drunk on Saturday night and try to beat up the Mountie. The applicant agrees another profession might be more suitable.

"Quite a few back out when they find what police work really is," says Spalding. "Some of them have taken a correspondence course in detection. They thought they'd be natty, white-collar detectives. A big bruiser in uniform would handle anything nasty. They'd just do the brain work."

If the applicant gets past the personnel officer he's as good as in—provided he can pass the final medical which probes for every hidden defect. It has taken a month or more to select him but the RCMP has a man who's been checked for honesty, knowledge, intelligence, common sense, initiative, fortitude, courage, stability and physique.

Now the applicant has one more gauntlet to run: one of the world's toughest training courses. Every day for the next nine months he'll have to prove himself. He's called a recruit now but he's not a Mountie yet. Serious injury, illness, lack of nerve or coordination can still wash him out.

He reports to his training centre at Ottawa, Regina or Vancouver. He's assigned to a squad of thirty other recruits. From the 6 a.m. reveille to the 5 p.m. parade he's marched in and out of the barracks, drill hall, classroom and gym. The routine follows the familiar, stringent pattern of army training—with extras. He spends many

hours on the shooting range, lying on his stomach, squinting along the barrel of a .303 service rifle. "Don't pull that trigger," orders an instructor, "Squeeze it!" He learns to strip and assemble his rifle until he can do it by touch. Standing erect, he raises a .38 service revolver eye-level and blazes away at a body target. "Group your shots," the instructor shouts, "Don't stiffen up." The recruit's clumsy draw smooths out, his fire becomes more accurate.

In the gym, he practices backflips over the vaulting horse. He punches another recruit in the boxing ring. He learns jiu-jitsu, more commonly called police holds. "Hit me!" the instructor calls, "Hit me as hard as you can." The big recruit takes a hefty swing, feels a sudden yank on his arm and finds himself lying flat on his back. Slowly he gets to his feet. His face is pale. It's a tough grind for an older man. The typical recruit is young, 18 or 19.

He takes short courses (one to 55 hours) in more than a hundred subjects. He learns to handle himself in dozens of hypothetical emergencies: how to empty the water out of a capsized canoe, how thick ice should be before he can safely drive over it (four inches). He learns to swim—the odds are good it will save his life and possibly someone else's. He learns to type—he'll have to report in five copies on every case he investigates. He learns to use a camera, to read a map, to survey land, to give first aid.

Soapiest Salute in History

He is taught to classify different types of grain, wood and cattle brands. He's instructed in the intricacies of counterfeit money and handwriting. He finds out how to cultivate informers, to shadow a suspect, question witnesses, organize a search party, throw a gas bomb, and use a mine detector (for finding hidden weapons).

He is drilled in the Criminal Code, customs and excise laws, banking procedures and Indians' rights. He is taught to prepare a case for court and lectured on the causes of juvenile delinquency. He comes fresh from a lecture on public relations and is detailed off to scrub out the barracks block on his hands and knees.

Every week, the officer commanding the spick-and-span training school makes an inspection. Once, in Regina, a recruit finished scrubbing out for "rounds" and decided he had time to take a shower. In the middle of it, the OC stalked in. A thorough man, he pulled back the shower curtains. The naked recruit snapped to attention and presented his startled superior with the smartest, wettest, soapiest salute in the history of the force.

If the OC spots one bed unmade the entire squad may be confined to barracks for a month. "Right from the start," says Leonard Hanson Nicholson, the one-time farm hand who made the climb from constable to commissioner, "the young man learns it's a disciplined force he's in."

This lesson is driven home over and over in the drill hall. The drill sergeant becomes an ogre with supernatural powers. He brings his squad to rigid attention, then turns his back upon them, apparently to dash tears of disgust from his eyes. Moments pass—a recruit decides to ease his aching back. With infallible timing the drill sergeant wheels and withers the unlucky lad with a blast from his highly colored vocabulary.

In between learning the lore of poisons, bloodstains and how a bullet fractures glass, it's drill, drill, drill. The recruit is shouted at till he's dazed. He's told to stand up straight, to say

"sir," to salute. His first plunge into RCMP life is so confusing that a new recruit once summed it up in a now-classic remark: "Everything that moves is saluted. Everything that stands still is painted white." The story has become so widespread that the navy also claims it.

In addition to six months of this, the recruit gets three months of equitation. Horses are part of the RCMP tradition. A notice posted at Regina barracks quotes Winston Churchill: "Don't give your son money. Give him horses. No man ever came to grief—except honorable grief—through riding."

If the recruit graduates, the odds are against his riding anything more lively than a motorcycle. The Mounties now keep only as many horses as they need for basic training (currently they have 178). If the recruit lacks fortitude, the horse will bring it out. "They're good hardening," says Com'r Nicholson, "They knock a man about in a way that's hard to duplicate unless we go to an assault course."

The recruits ride about four hours a day. The rest of the time, from dawn to dusk, they're cleaning the stables, polishing their saddles, feeding and watering the horses. There's a saying that a man who grooms his horse properly needs no other exercise. Three times a day, the recruits groom their mounts. "Lean on that curry comb," the sergeant will shout, "You won't push him over." A recruit rakes his tin comb too harshly across the tender belly of his horse. The animal's long neck swivels and its yellow teeth raise an ugly welt on his arm. The irate sergeant's reaction, according to the recruits, is, "Get that clumsy clown out of here and check that poor horse for injuries."

On Monday morning, after a weekend's rest, the horses are at their best,

or—from a recruit's view—their worst. A mare kicks the boards of the riding hall and the others follow suit till the hall reverberates like a giant drum, adding to the recruits' nervousness. The instructor, a hard-bitten sergeant, walks them around the hall in single file. Suddenly, a horse takes the bit in his teeth and bolts. "Hold him!" the instructor shouts. It is useless. The instructor rises in his stirrups and calls after him, "Send me a postcard when you get there."

Instructors Suffer Too

Sometimes the wilful mood of one horse will sweep contagiously over all the others. Sunfishing and crowhopping, they buck their riders in all directions. In a pall of dust, riderless horses gallop in wild confusion while the frightened bruised recruits scramble for safety. After one such melee in Regina the riding instructor lined up his squad and found that he had one empty saddle. A prolonged search revealed the missing recruit clinging to a stanchion high overhead, most reluctant to come down. A sorely tried instructor once dismounted, walked to a corner, laid down his riding crop, took off his cap and sank to his knees. "O Lord," he cried, "How long? How long?"

The order "cross stirrups" will bring the most recalcitrant class to heel. The stirrups are folded over the horse's withers; the recruit can no longer posture in his stirrups with the movement of the horse. After half an hour of trotting without stirrups his leg muscles are screaming. One man, after two and a half hours, toppled off his horse in a dead faint. "It's like having a bad case of arthritis in both legs," says one recruit, "As far as I'm concerned it's the toughest training you can get." No recruit disagrees.

won't be comparing notes anymore with you about cut fingers! Bought a Carborundum No. 66 Knife Sharpener at my hardware store last week—and just a few strokes on each kitchen knife keeps them sharper than they've ever been before. Jack told me a sharp knife is safer to use because it's less likely to slip. Said I should have bought the sharpener long ago! You ought to get one, too. They cost only 80¢—and you can choose the coloured handle that matches your kitchen deco—



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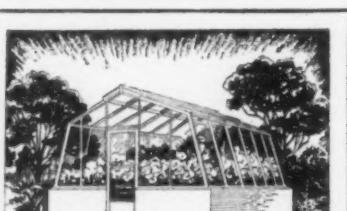
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LORD & BURNHAM
St. Catharines, Ont.

When the budding Mounties have got the feel of their horses, the instructor takes them outside to a fenced-in pathway called Suicide Lane, where five or six poles have been set up on trestles twenty or thirty feet apart. "Cross your stirrups and put a knot in your reins," the instructor orders. "All right, first man—fold your arms and lean forward at the jump."

Single file, holding on only with knees and thigh, the recruits thunder down the lane. A horse balks. The unlucky recruit goes on over his head. In a recent class there were two broken collarbones, a broken arm, two ruptured appendix and numerous sprains. No man was washed out. "They have to learn to forget about being hurt," says an instructor. "A good man enjoys it."

All this time, the recruit is toughening up. His intellect is sharpening. He's imbibing the tales of courage, endurance and devotion to duty that make up the 81-year-old history of the force. Above all, he's learning obedience.

And all the while he is being watched for flaws. His alertness, temper, tact, patience and perseverance are noted. Later, he may be tapped for the crime lab, or the Special Branch (counter-espionage). He may be marked as a potential detective or make a seaman-Mountie on one of the 25 RCMP coastal craft, to which hundreds of shipwrecked sailors owe their lives. He may have the firm patience of a dogmaster and be assigned to train the German shepherds and Doberman pinschers that track down escaped criminals, lost valuables and children lost in the bush. His temperament may seem suited to a lonely Arctic post. He may even be sent to university where four or five Mounties are now studying chemistry, physics and law. By the time 16 instructors have appraised a recruit, the RCMP has a pretty shrewd idea what kind of policeman he'll make.

Three out of the thirty-man squad on an average will flunk the course, and for them there'll be no second chance. The others will don, for the first time, the famous scarlet and gold of a Mountie's dress uniform, and "pass out" on parade before the commissioner, while the RCMP band plays and the flag flaps in the breeze.

No matter where the young Mountie ends up, he'll begin his career on detachment. This means police service at some rural point, for the Mounties are provincial police everywhere except in Quebec and Ontario. Occasionally it means pounding a beat and checking parking meters in one of the 120 communities where the Mounties, by request, are the town cops. Or the rookie might start out in a big-city divisional headquarters, where 20 to 30 men enforce the federal laws on narcotics and customs.

But the rookie won't be tracking down drug peddlers for some time yet. For a few weeks he'll accompany an experienced corporal or sergeant, one of the world's most flexible policemen. He'll watch him issue gun permits, give out relief, inoculate a dog for rabies, check on amusement taxes, prosecute a case in court and interview people who want to adopt a child. He'll learn to handle a drunk, a mental patient, a traffic accident, a grain theft, possibly even how to take a package of nitroglycerine from an itinerant safe-blower.

The rookie's first job alone will be routine: night highway patrol, escorting prisoners, working as telephone orderly or desk clerk. Nevertheless, from the moment he patrols alone, this young Mountie carries responsibility for the safety and property of his fellow citizens. One Saturday night last

year in Lloydminster, Alta., a young constable, Joseph M. McCarthy, had just completed one of the dullest RCMP chores—"polishing doorknobs" on a town beat—and was having a late snack in the National Cafe when a man hurried in to say there was trouble at the pool hall.

The pool hall was locked but a small group of men had gathered outside. "What's the trouble?" McCarthy asked. No one answered. But the atmosphere was tense. The men seemed frightened. Looking them over sharply, the constable spotted an ex-convict whose name was Donald Graves. When he questioned Graves the man was belligerent and evasive. The Mountie started to search him. In Graves' right overcoat pocket he found a live .303 bullet. Suddenly Graves whipped out a knife with an open blade. McCarthy managed to knock it out of his hand. Graves jumped back, snatched a stockless rifle from under his coat, leveled it at the constable's belt and swore he would "fill him full of lead."

The men looking on were too frightened to come to the young Mountie's aid. McCarthy began to edge closer to Graves, talking calmly, placatingly. But the ex-convict kept backing up, mouthing threats, nervously himself to

ward, two Mounties cruising in a patrol car on the highway south of Winnipeg saw a large black car bearing down on them at eighty or ninety miles an hour. They flagged it down but it obviously had no intention of stopping.

They had a second or so to decide what to do. Should they use their sub-machine gun? How much force were they justified in using to stop the car? They decided not to open fire, gave chase instead and were stopped a mile from the border by a handful of roofing nails flung from the car ahead.

In less than a minute, the U.S. border police had the same dilemma—they didn't know about the roofing nails. They too decided to follow the speeding car. Their police car had a full gas tank and sooner or later the car ahead would have to stop for gas. One hour later the car did stop. The brakes screamed, two men jumped out, opened up with machine guns, smashed the police car's windshield, ripped open the radiator, tore holes in the U.S. policemen's clothing but by a miracle didn't kill them. Then the bank robbers forced the police to lie face down in the ditch while they made their getaway—and they never were caught.

"The responsibility of decision is the biggest responsibility a human can assume," says Anthony. "The policeman must mentally weigh the facts and act instantly. Afterward, if it comes to trial, the defense counsel will have three months to prepare his case and it's easy to blast the policeman for making a mistake—and we all do. But the policeman can't walk away and consider how it should be done. All we can do is train our minds to observe and remember and learn to make the link instantly between our knowledge of law and the facts we observe."

In a few years most young Mounties think they're as hot as Philo Vance, a conceit which a veteran knows how to deflate. A murder occurs which the young Mountie thinks only he can solve. "Here, my lad," says the sergeant, "take this common assault. Constable Brown here will handle the murderer."

The young Mountie's attitude is also shaped by the public. His rural constituents expect service, even to delivering a packet of pills when a farmer's not feeling well. When a new man comes on detachment they quickly size him up. If he walks down the street as if he were on parade, a few bars of Rose Marie whistled behind his back soon takes the edge off his pride.

Before long the young Mountie has confidence in his ability to meet any situation. There's a danger that this confidence may lead to cockiness and then to arrogance. But a small-detachment Mountie has three chastening influences: the law, the force and the public. Under our laws, a policeman has unlimited responsibility but we place some sharp restraints on his authority. One of the RCMP's most distinguished detectives, Asst. Com'r Melville (Tony) Anthony, illustrates the point:

"A policeman sees a man running down the street. He may be running to a date with his wife or away from a crime. If the policeman is one of my men and he passes up a man who should be arrested and I find out about it he'll be out of a job. If he arrests the man wrongly, he's responsible, not the force." Any damages for false arrest would have to come out of the Mountie's pocket.

In Winnipeg some years ago a bank messenger was robbed of several thousand dollars. The only lead was vague; the suspects had escaped in "a large black car." All RCMP border detachments were alerted and, soon after-

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY 15, 1954

got something to show you," the sergeant said. An elderly friend of the storekeeper, a chronic troublemaker who had studied at Harvard, had written three pages of rhetorical invective, accusing the farmer of making home brew and saying that Bingham, "a disgrace to the uniform," had refused to prosecute him.

Bingham's sergeant knew the writer's reputation, nevertheless he investigated thoroughly. The charge, he reported, was groundless. Again, the man wrote to the agent of the provincial attorney-general saying that the sergeant had "whitewashed" Bingham. An officer from the provincial subdivision investigated. A third complaint brought a third investigation by a disciplinarian patrol sergeant from headquarters. Each time Bingham was cleared. But each time-wasting investigation added fuel to his indignation.

It Can Be Frustrating

Next time in headquarters, Bingham requested to see the OC, the top-ranking Mountie of the province. The veteran listened benevolently to his story. "Well, my boy," he said, "if there's one reason we've got a reputation it's because we take action on complaints. Go back and forget it. There never was a good Mounted Policeman that hadn't been investigated three or four times." The constable is now Supt. Bingham, adjutant of the force.

Often, the young Mountie puts in a lot of miles and hours only to have the complainant refuse to go through with the process of law. In one case, a man's hose had been stolen. When a Mountie investigated and discovered that his neighbor had stolen it, he backed out of laying a charge. As Asst. Com'r Anthony says, "You can't get the facts

on any case unless people co-operate."

The young Mountie looking for information learns not to hurry a farmer in the slack season and not to waste his time in the fall. He develops self-control when pestered by women with persecution complexes, reformers who want a local movie banned or farmers who want advice in civil problems which would tax the wisdom of a Supreme Court judge. Every day the public exercises his self-control. A Mountie in a large prairie detachment, for example, stopped a prominent citizen who'd been driving his car in a manner that showed quite clearly he'd been drinking.

"Do you know who I am?" the man demanded.

"Yes, Mr. —," he said. "Will you come with me, please?"

The man broke into a tirade of abuse. He had influential friends. He would speak to his MP. He'd break the blank-blank Mountie.

The Mountie listened patiently until he was through. "If you've nothing more to say," he said, "would you mind coming with me?"

"This is a common occurrence," says Bingham. "You catch a man breaking the law. He's embarrassed, humiliated. He fights against it, and you're the person he takes his resentment out on. A policeman must understand this and not take it personally. You can't look the other way when you see this man again and think, 'This man doesn't like me.' You have to take the objective view of everything."

During a wartime raid on a Montreal plant that was making alcohol illegally, the inspector in charge of the RCMP searching squad noticed that one undersized young fellow scarcely seemed to know what was going on. "How much are you making here, son?" he asked, sizing him up.



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Basic WHOLE WHEAT Dough

Scald

- 3 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 4 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

3/4 cup lukewarm water

1 tablespoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

3 envelopes Fleischmann's Active

Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.

Stir in

- 6 cups whole wheat flour and beat until smooth and elastic; work in
- 4 cups more (about) whole wheat flour

Turn out on board sprinkled with whole wheat flour and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead 10 minutes. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:



1. WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

Shape one portion of dough into a loaf and fit into a greased loaf pan about 1 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until just doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 30 minutes, covering buns with heavy brown paper after first 15 minutes of baking.

2. PAN BUNS

Cut one portion of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a slim roll 4 to 5 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes. Split rolls and fill with salad or heated wieners.

rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 30 minutes, covering buns with heavy brown paper after first 15 minutes of baking.

3. SALAD OR WIENER ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a slim roll 4 to 5 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes. Split rolls and fill with salad or heated wieners.



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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
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"Seventeen dollars a week," the lad replied.

The inspector got him a job in a factory where he made three times as much as he'd ever made illegally. When the factory closed, the inspector found him work in a department store. Stories like these are told proudly in every detachment. "The more you know about people," says Bingham, "the less you want to take them into court. But there's got to be a point where sympathy leaves off and justice takes over."

In a typical case, a Mountie came across a green deerskin which he traced to a bush worker with four children and a sick wife. He was sympathetic; nevertheless he brought the man in, took him before the justice of the peace, a local farmer, and explained the facts of the case, concluding, "This man can't afford a fine." The JP fined him, gave him six weeks to pay and in the meantime wrote the attorney-general of the province suggesting that the man be let off.

Even Midwife Duty

"The other way," says Bingham, "is to close your eyes. But that's not right. Where do you stop? The first thing you know a drunk drives by and you say, 'That's old Joe, he's only had one drink too many.' But if you didn't know him you'd say, 'That man's a bloody menace to the community.' The only way you can meet your responsibility to the community and still live with yourself is to be absolutely fair."

With words like "objective" and "impartial" every veteran Mountie, rank and file, confirms this point. "You've got to be fair" is the Mountie's working translation of the RCMP motto *Maintien le Droit* (Maintain the Right).

Imperceptibly, this impersonal selfless ideal begins to obscure the young Mounted Policeman's individuality. At the same time, the pressures of his job are transforming his rigid discipline into a self-control that frees his initiative. An excellent example occurred before dawn one morning when the young constable at Green Lake detachment in Saskatchewan was awakened by a telephone call from a woman resident. She was pregnant and she wanted to be taken to the nearest hospital, 35 miles away in Meadow Lake.

The Mountie suggested a midwife. "No," she insisted. "The baby's premature. I'm afraid of complications."

It was too early in the morning to get anyone else to drive her. The Mountie dutifully dressed, got in his car and picked up the woman. Sixteen miles out of Meadow Lake, she told him the baby was coming. He pulled off the road, examined her, and found that she was right. She had also been right about complications. It developed into a breech birth which the constable had to cope with from his knowledge of first aid and the sole aid of a razor blade. When the situation was under control he finished the trip to the hospital and handed over mother and child, both completely normal, except that the baby's umbilical cord was tied with the constable's shoe lace.

For this impressive feat Com'r Nicholson himself commended the young constable. But when the incident was told in the RCMP Quarterly the constable was not mentioned by name. The somewhat untypical story illustrates the typical Mountie: steady, resourceful and slightly anonymous. ★

Next Issue: The Mounties Part Three
The Public's Own Private Eyes

My Small War With the Educators

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

(this is from the editor of a teachers' journal who it seems either does not possess a dictionary or has not yet acquired "dictionary skills").

So much for the book. The author is not neglected. "Public Eye Neatby," "Detective Neatby" with her "irritating air of superiority," with her "intellectual snobishness" is "irritably allergic to experts" and "as a duellist lacks finesse" but "has a distinct relish for impaling her victims." And yet (according to this last authority) although "churlish" she is, rather surprisingly, "a well-intentioned sincere woman." Others, less charitable, find her "acidulous," an "embittered spinster," a "frigid introvert," an "educational McCarthy."

After all this it is refreshing to move to the great outdoors where we find that, "Like a high-spirited and somewhat untrained bird dog she may frequently bark up the wrong tree, but she certainly does flush a lot of game," rather a pleasing picture even if it does leave one wondering what is the right kind of tree for a bird dog to bark up.

It is not for me to complain at this exuberance although even my free western upbringing has not entirely accustomed me to being referred to in print as "Hilda" by "prominent" educators to whom I have not as yet been introduced. However, as one (non-educator) who has been good enough to support my views has said, I gave no quarter and expected none. Those who speak frankly must expect frankness in return.

But I had the right to expect complete frankness and, if the expression is permissible, intellectual as well as emotional frankness. Educators have surpassed themselves in the epithets applied to my scholarship, my style and my personality. They owed it to me, and to the public whose attention they have endeavored to engage, to examine and to answer my arguments also, and to do so with accuracy and with frankness. This they have not done.

Instead, there have been at best, in the general response, numerous variations on the theme "useful, but wrong-headed," supplied by a retired university professor. One reviewer after a lengthy denunciation, admits in a final sentence that many will agree with much of what I say, leaving us to guess that he may even number himself among the agreeable many. A friendly critic commenting on this article remarks, "Perhaps he was right to dissemble his love, but why did he kick her downstairs?" The official pronouncement of the Canadian Education Association reads in part, "The author has . . . perhaps rendered a service in her attack on pedagogy, motivation through interest and the education of the whole child." This is unfortunately typical. First, I did not "attack" all of these things, and second, did I or did I not render a service? If this authoritative reviewer cannot say, who can? If he had not at that time made up his mind on this essential matter, should he have rushed into print with an article which has been enthusiastically mined for material by faithful followers throughout the country?

The comments of this group fall roughly into three categories. A very few are purely abusive. One of these, first written in the form of a letter to a daily paper, was thought worthy of reproduction in the professional journals of two western provinces. Others combine with abuse some attempt at

serious comment. The third group follows the pattern shown above with faint praise followed by loud and hearty demands.

"Some of what you say may be true but you are a liar; we question your motives and your scholarship; and how dare you criticize elementary and secondary school practices when you teach in a university?"

"But at least," say some of these critics, "the book has been useful in stirring up controversy." How? Is controversy useful in itself? A well-placed handful of mud will stir up controversy in almost any group, but is this really useful? Many critics now are beginning to think not. They suggest rather that educational leaders ("those at the top") should, as "gentlemen" (but not, surely, "aristocrats"), exercise restraint "over the whole unfortunate thing" until "the situation stirred up by Dr. Neatby" subsides.

No One Answered Questions

There are educators, including even some at or near "the top" who, fervently agreeing that the book is a bad thing, have not been able to exercise restraint. With mathematical precision it has been adjudged 98 percent wrong. The remaining two percent have not been identified. A distinguished director of educational research has been good enough to place me in the headlines with Neatby Education Ideas Said Not Worth Nickel. "Dr. Neatby (he is reported to have said) . . . squanders a lot of \$64 language on a lot of ideas which, if they were retailed at a nickel apiece, would represent profiteering." It is indeed churlish to criticize a pronouncement which sheds so much light on methods and attitudes deemed appropriate in educational research. Seriously, what business has this educa-

tional leader and many others to deal with the book without even attempting to answer the serious questions which I raised and to which I and all other Canadians have a right to demand an answer?

No one has attempted to answer the contention that the school's central purpose is or should be intellectual. An educational official described as a "director" of a branch of a well-known university in a "call for fair play" explains that "the business of education will continue its task of developing boys and girls who will have to work with their fellow men to make this Canada of ours a better place in which to live." They will do this by "the development of pupil intelligence, democratic leadership, peace and an inculcation of spiritual values," this development to be brought about apparently by teacher training "based on sound psychological, sociological and philosophical foundations." He then gives a list of five philosophies, remarks that whichever you pick you must consider "the welfare of young people" and ends with an "eclectic conclusion" in ten numbered statements which include, surprisingly, a brief statement on the causes of "Great War I, Great War II and the Korean War" and ends, not surprisingly at all, with "Education should develop an appreciation of the good, the beautiful and the true."

Yes, indeed, but does this educator believe, or doesn't he, that when children come to school the teacher has a direct and special responsibility to do something for their minds? We still don't know, and I am now convinced that he doesn't either.

Many other simple and important questions remain unanswered. Do we not need definite and ascertainable standards of achievement? Should there not be an official concern for



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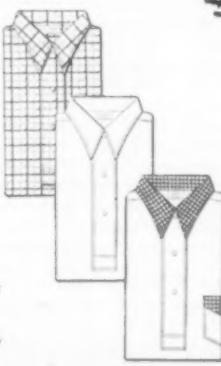
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scholarly achievement by the average as well as by the gifted child? After all, many average parents who acknowledge average children, think they have a right to expect that something be done for these children's minds. And finally, should there not be more concern for the intellectual endowment, the intellectual training and the continued intellectual enrichment of the teacher?

These questions which were asked, I believe, in clear and simple English have been clearly and simply ignored. Not one of the officials who attacked my book has said that schools are not primarily concerned with intellectual values, but not one says they are. And yet this is the critical question; for if the democracy apparently loved but most evidently not cherished by educators is to endure, we must have some institution which will give first place to matters of the mind. The question is not mine alone. Many during the last few months have shown concern for the supreme importance of the teachers' task which is, in effect, the creation of the intellectual climate of the next generation. My critics alone, apart from casual references to "the gifted child," maintain an attitude of complete indifference.

To say that educators have not answered the essential questions raised in my book does not mean that they have not dealt with the contents. They have maintained a kind of guerrilla warfare with frequent excursions into enemy territory from which they return happily laden with spoils, secured very often by those unorthodox methods which too often are associated with guerrilla warfare. The tactics are varied but they fall into three or four recognizable patterns.

Ivory Towers Are Scarce

There is, first, the "sweeping generalization" attack. This is easy and quite effective. It captures the booty by pure bluff. Sweeping generalization sounds very bad. Not everyone will reflect that scientific laws are nothing more than generalizations on known facts and that they are, indeed, sweeping generalizations. Sweeping generalization as a term of reproach implies a statement which ignores one or more relevant facts. The soundness of the accusation must depend on the accuser citing such a statement, along with the facts which it ignores. And yet I have read dozens of such accusations without a single quotation from the book to support them. The reason is simple. I did not make sweeping generalizations. At the cost, occasionally, of sacrificing style to caution, I made a practice of modifying all general statements which dealt with matters of fact. Expressions of opinion—as for example that our current educational practices are anti-intellectual—should, of course, be received as expressions of opinion and no more.

Sweeping accusations of sweeping generalizations are often followed up by the expression "not a shred of evidence," again, as a rule, without a shred of evidence in support of the accusation. Many, however, do at this stage bring in the beloved "ivory tower—academic seclusion" cliché, not knowing apparently that ivory towers are as scarce as other types of housing in Canada today and that none are reserved for university professors. More practical than the ivory tower is the accusation that I have not visited classrooms and that therefore my views are based solely on personal opinion. But if I had visited classrooms, on what other than personal opinion could my views be based? Indeed, what right have I to offer the public any views

which do not coincide with my personal opinion?

Admittedly my failure to visit Canadian schools might well have rendered my opinions more or less worthless if it had been my purpose to generalize on proceedings in the classrooms. I did not undertake to say what goes on in the Canadian classroom. Instead I tried to determine from their own carefully considered official statements, printed and circulated at the public expense, what our educational leaders think should go on in the classroom. These sources have been blithely brushed aside as valueless. Perhaps they are absolutely valueless in one sense. Perhaps they do tell nothing about classroom practices. They are, however, invaluable as evidence of what our educational authorities would like to think were classroom practices. Or if they do not, why do educational authorities produce them?

There is, indeed, something strangely inconsistent in the attitude of those who revile me for having dared to talk about the schools on the basis of written evidence without having visited classrooms in person; while scores of people who certainly have never visited me in person do not hesitate to describe me in detail on the basis of my book—which they may or may not have read. I am not prepared to admit that all the epithets which have been applied to me are accurate (they could hardly all be accurate) but if my critics insist on deducing the quality not only of my scholarship and my mind, but even of my character and disposition from my writings, they must allow me the privilege of drawing some conclusions on Canadian education from the official pronouncements of Canadian educational authorities.

One other device of the "sweeping generalization—not a shred of evidence" tactic is important. It is the cry of "false documentation" which gives critics the right to brand my book as "unscholarly" and/or "inaccurate" and/or "unacceptable even at the undergraduate level of research" and so forth. For these charges there are, indeed, two shreds of evidence, one very small and the other very misleading. The only real support for the charge of "false documentation" that has been presented to me or to my publishers is the omission in a footnote of the first publication date in a pamphlet which had been reprinted six years after its first appearance. This purely technical error might be important in a work of very intricate documentation; in my book, although I regret the error, I know and my critics know that it has not the slightest practical significance.

The second shred is even more dubious. A reviewer, a professor in a college of education, states that "the frequent use of references from 'unpublished manuscripts in possession of the author' denies to the reader the privilege of judging the competence of the authorities from whom she draws much of her information" (italics mine). Similar comments have been made by others, some of whom have been good enough to dignify the unpublished material with the title of "master's thesis." The truth is this: there are 377 footnotes in the book; four of them refer to unpublished material; about eight others refer to private information. This makes 12 out of 377 references which are "inaccessible to the reader." Moreover the "information" while interesting and pertinent is in no way essential to the main argument, which stands and was intended to stand on what educators themselves say about education.

Misrepresentations sometimes subtle, sometimes blatant, of what is actually contained in the book consti-

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tute the second type of guerrilla tactics. There is the charge often repeated in words such as these: "... the author's main trend of thought is that schools should return to the aims and methods of the turn of the century;" "... she would discard all that educators have learned in the last fifty years about child and adolescent psychology and adjustment." I did suggest and I do believe that we are losing sight of many old and essential values because we have gone overboard in pursuit of the new professional learning. But many who have criticized my reactionary and "pendulumist" tendencies, including the critic who remarked that every time I mentioned discipline there was heard the swish of a whip, have overlooked an important section of the book which, as it happens, was given a particularly wide circulation through advance publication in a leading Canadian weekly.

I quote a short passage from this section: "This sympathetic and understanding attention to the child as an individual, to his physical well-being, to his interests, and to his moral growth must win the approval of all who are interested in children or in education ... Neglect of health and comfort, lack of sympathy and harshness, drill and discipline for their own sakes are as unfashionable today as their opposites were a generation or two ago. The educational system which undertakes to care adequately for all—the dull, the lazy and the misfits, as well as for the bright and industrious—is indeed a new and notable achievement."

Shrieked Down

There is, I believe, nothing in the book inconsistent with this position and much that specifically supports it. And yet the critic who accuses me of wishing to wash out fifty years of progress is a relatively mild representative of his group, and a man with a reputation for care and moderation.

Another misrepresentation which one can only hope is unintentional is the statement that I would reserve high schools for the intellectual elite. This has been many times repeated. Six critics, whose reviews are before me, even give approximate percentages of those whom I would remove from school between the ages of 12 and 14; they range from 40 percent to 80 percent. In fact, I made no estimate of numbers. I suggested only that instead of struggling to retain in school those "who have no interest in the school's purpose" (the words are those of a distinguished Canadian educator) they should be invited to withdraw before they destroyed the character of the school. As a result the word "aristocrat" has been shrieked up and down the country with a fervor worthy of the Jacobins; but it should be observed that no one has ventured to say that it is positively desirable to entice into the high school those who have no interest in the school's purpose.

There are numerous other petty misrepresentations. I did not "attack" the education of "the whole child;" I specifically approved it. I did not coin the expression "experts." That is what they like to call themselves. I don't care for their taste but it's a free country still. I did not say that British schools are superior to Canadian in every respect; it happens that I do not even think so. I did not confine my discussion of American influences on our education to a sampling of the degrees of a small group of professors. I did not make light of educational research; I made fun of some of the unscientific nonsense that passes for educational research and I urged more attention to matters which educators

themselves say are important. I did not recommend the abolition of all training schools; I suggested that (speaking of educational research) we follow an American example and institute one experimental apprenticeship course. I don't approve of the method, "Open your book at page ..." I even said so in so many words and was rebuked for being (by implication) unfair to traditionalists.

Finally, I did not say that Canadian educators employed the tactics of Hitler and Stalin. I said that they used, perhaps in ignorance, the same kind of

argument that had been used in totalitarian states, when in the name of social welfare they demanded something like absolute power. I did not suggest and I do not think that they realize all the possible implications of their public statements.

A third tactic(also typical of guerrilla methods) is evasion. "I would imagine," says a reviewer, "that most administrators will shrug off her attack as an uninformed, prejudiced and cloudy bit of writing." This is not far from the truth. They shrug it off, or shriek it down. Some of the critics

even try both at the same time.

An example of a simple and crude method is the bare statement from a teachers' journal that everything is taken care of: "School people defended existing school conditions with facts from an informed point of view and in doing so 'exposed' the book as nothing but an opinion arrived at from a position of remoteness and isolation from the real, 'alive-and-kicking' educational community. Some things Miss Neathy mentioned are true but she did not prove them scientifically." Professional educators, it seems, must show their

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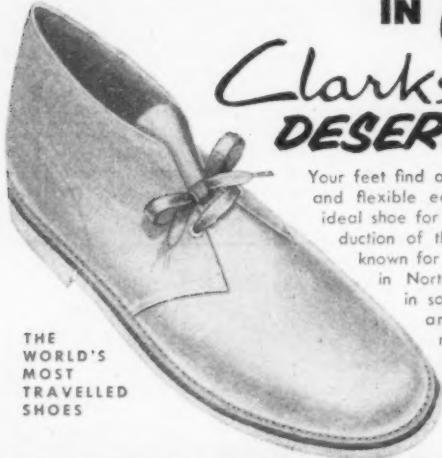
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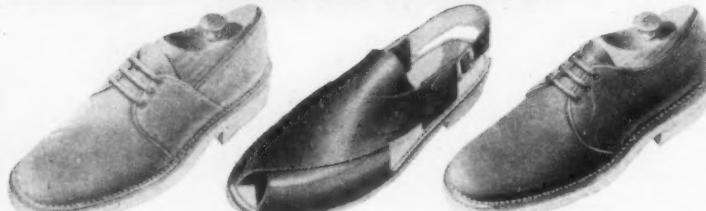
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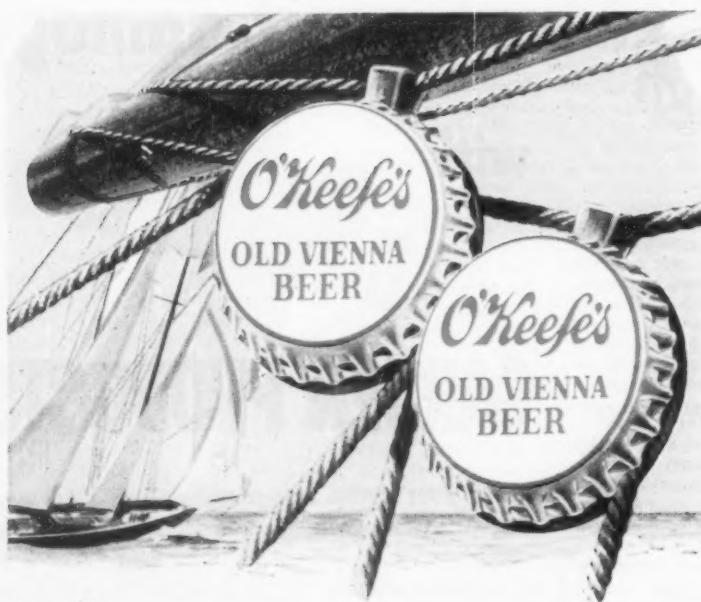
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respect for educational research by ignoring all such contraband truth.

The educators or their allies have used one more device which would hardly be worth mentioning were it not for their own apparent faith in it. It is the cry of "Unfair, unfair!"

For example, one who presents himself as "a quiet voice" urging "a merger of opposing factors to submerge the errors and bring to the surface the best ideas of each" finds it necessary to speak in his judicial fashion severely of a certain radio debate on the book. He criticizes me for appealing to "natural public sympathy" (based on traditionalist sentiment), for being "cool and sharp with repartee," and for "university-debate logic," although he is good enough to add that I am "not completely to blame" for my "error" as the conditions of the debate encouraged it.

Since when, in a public discussion of a matter of public interest has it been an "error" to appeal to public sentiment, to remain cool and to make use of logic? One gets the impression that the use of logic and a successful appeal for public support are somehow not quite cricket. It is easy to understand that logic may be damned as remote and academic but it is hard for the abused author of an "ivory-tower indictment" to be blamed (in the name of democratic education) for enlisting "natural public sympathy" even if it is based on sentiment. I had not thought of my book as a sentimental production.

"A Pile of Angry Nonsense"

The most unfair thing of all, though, is my English. Educators speak of it as if, like logic, it were an unfair device, a smooth piece of business, almost a stab in the back. "Dr. Neatby uses English exceptionally well, a fact which to the poorly informed tends to lend an aura of plausibility to even her most implausible arguments," one of my most distinguished critics is reputed to have said. One can only admire the consistency with which the writer himself avoids the fault he condemns in others. In the new education, if logic is unfair, style is the specious device of those who would deceive.

I think I should not be guilty of prejudice, hysteria, impurity or even of a sweeping generalization if I said that the public response to my criticism offered by official educators in the daily press and in professional journals has been undignified, unintelligent and supremely uninteresting. Loss of temper does not redeem most of the articles from dullness, jargon and pedantry. There is no evidence of the joy or even of the glee of combat. The pretext offered is that nothing can be secured by debate and we must all get round the table and talk. Debating is harmful, "choosing sides" pernicious. One wonders if educators even know how their own country is governed? Not exclusively by debate certainly, but it would be sad day if debates were to disappear.

Educational leaders have been reminded of this. A moderate and carefully reasoned letter to an eastern paper urges that an attack which starts an argument is not necessarily a bad thing. "It would be a pathetic result of (Miss Neatby's) attack if those of us who are equally concerned with education should climb onto a stolid little rampart of self-justification." A parent writes that criticism is always difficult and criticism of those whose honesty and sincerity we respect may be painful. She adds, "But it is a mistake not to challenge ideas, when the only reason for not doing so is a reluctance to embarrass a genuine supporter of them." And a teacher adds, "What we ought to do of course if we believe Dr.

Neatby is wrong is to find out why she and dozens like her feel it their duty to speak at all."

Moreover there is evidence in my own province and elsewhere that there are many holding responsible positions in educational administration and on educational faculties who refuse to close their minds to criticism even though they may find it unpleasant if not offensive. They are not prepared to toss out critics as mere logicians and stylists or to dispose of public concern as traditionalist sentiment. They do not write much to the papers. It may be that they prefer not to write until they have had more time to think.

The unfortunate result, however, is that in spite of a number of protests from teachers, the published views of professional educators follow the patterns which have been outlined. The impression is clearly given that it is themselves rather than their job that they take seriously, and that for all their talk of democracy they care nothing for individual freedom.

And these are not a lunatic fringe. Educators quoted or referred to in this article include important officials from all parts of the country, men who hold key positions. It was one such, not yet quoted, who indicated that one way to stop "vicious attacks" on education was "concerted official action . . . taken by educators" with a view to preventing publication. He cited, with apparent approval, an example of such a course which had, he believed, been followed in the U.S.

This attitude on the part of supposedly responsible and undoubtedly powerful officials, though it has its absurd aspects, is not funny. It is not, surely, an illegitimate appeal to public sentiment to say that our free society rests on freedom of speech; and that freedom of speech has no meaning if it does not involve freedom to differ, to debate and to criticize—negatively as well as positively.

As John Stuart Mill said a century ago, freedom of speech may be guaranteed by law but it will not work unless people agree that it is necessary and valuable. It must be tolerated; it must be welcomed. Mill was worrying about the danger of social tyranny. The danger of administrative tyranny was less obvious in an age when it could be argued seriously that education was the concern of parents only.

Are we not in danger of losing our freedom to criticize because we do not appreciate our right and our obligation to be criticized? It is hard to take criticism especially (as may sometimes occur) when criticism from hostile or irresponsible sources is directed at those who bear heavy burdens. It is hard; but liberty is hard; democracy is hard. In freedom we have chosen a hard and a noble way of life.

We cannot tolerate within ourselves that natural but dangerous shrinking from the necessary conditions of our life. There are those who say of my own criticisms that I did not mean them, that I wrote them with my tongue in my cheek, and so forth. I can only say that when I wrote these things I believed them to be true; now, fresh from reading a vast pile of angry nonsense, I am forced to the conclusion that they are proved beyond reasonable doubt. ★

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4-H and the Hights of Floral, Sask.

Continued from Page 11

members who can look after themselves."

Haight had feed, of a sort. He'd cut and baled twelve hundred acres of Russian thistle. Because he was one of the few farmers who could help himself, he got one of the two contracts issued in the Saskatoon district that autumn.

"That, and the children getting into 4-H, were the two most important things that ever happened to us," says Haight.

This, coupled with the renewed prosperity of the Forties, put Haight on his feet again.

He changed his herd to Holsteins to improve milk production. He painted the homely two-story farmhouse where they have lived for 17 years, patched its broken plaster and windows, bought a Shetland pony to haul the children to Floral public school and began to pay off his debts. In 1942 he bought 780 acres of the land he'd been renting.

But something, he felt, was lacking. He wasn't making the most of his new job. The children—especially Jean, who milked cows and did chores as well as a man—were growing up full of questions which Haight couldn't answer. He wanted to show them the better side of farm life and interest his sons, at least, in making it a career. But Haight didn't know how to whet their interest.

Purebreds are best

In 1944 Jack Lee, a former dairy farmer and then leader of the Saskatoon 4-H dairy club, called at the farm. Lee is a dairy recorder for the provincial Department of Agriculture; as such, he tests and records the milk production of dairy herds.

He was impressed by 14-year-old Jean's thirst for knowledge and invited her to join. Jean, who now utilizes her 4-H knowledge as wife of Floral dairyman Ivan Robertson, soon was brimming with information.

She visited other farmers' prize-winning herds and came home quoting their milk-production records and the high prices they'd obtained from purebred cattle sales. She learned to recognize the deep chest, wide rump, level back, squarely set legs and broad muzzle of a good Holstein. She pointed out flaws in her father's non-purebred or "grade" herd.

"All of a sudden I found myself intensely interested in raising better cattle," says Haight. "We learned to grow bromegrass-alfalfa hay instead of ordinary slough grass hay. We added food concentrates to our chopped grain. Later we built a new barn and piped water directly to each cow in the stables. That way they drink more and it all helps produce more milk. Most important of all, we changed to purebreds, because of 4-H."

Purebreds don't necessarily yield more milk than good "grade" cows but they repay their owners in other ways, both in cash and prestige. Where a grade cow might sell for \$300 to \$400, a purebred might bring as high as \$1,000. Haight's herd is worth three times a similar size herd of grade cattle. Thus, when he sells a cow or calf he makes three times the money he'd make from grade sales.

Aroused by Jean's delight in her new knowledge and new social contacts, Murray and Joyce joined the 4-H club and by 1949 six young Hights belonged to the 4-H club. They learned

the 4-H pledge: "I pledge my head to clearer thinking, my heart to greater loyalty, my hands to larger service, my health to better living for my club, my community and my country." They learned that 4-H is an international movement embracing several million members and 44 countries. The name is said to come from a verse in Kipling's poem, The Children's Song:

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,
Oh Motherland we pledge to thee
Head, heart and hand through the
years to be.

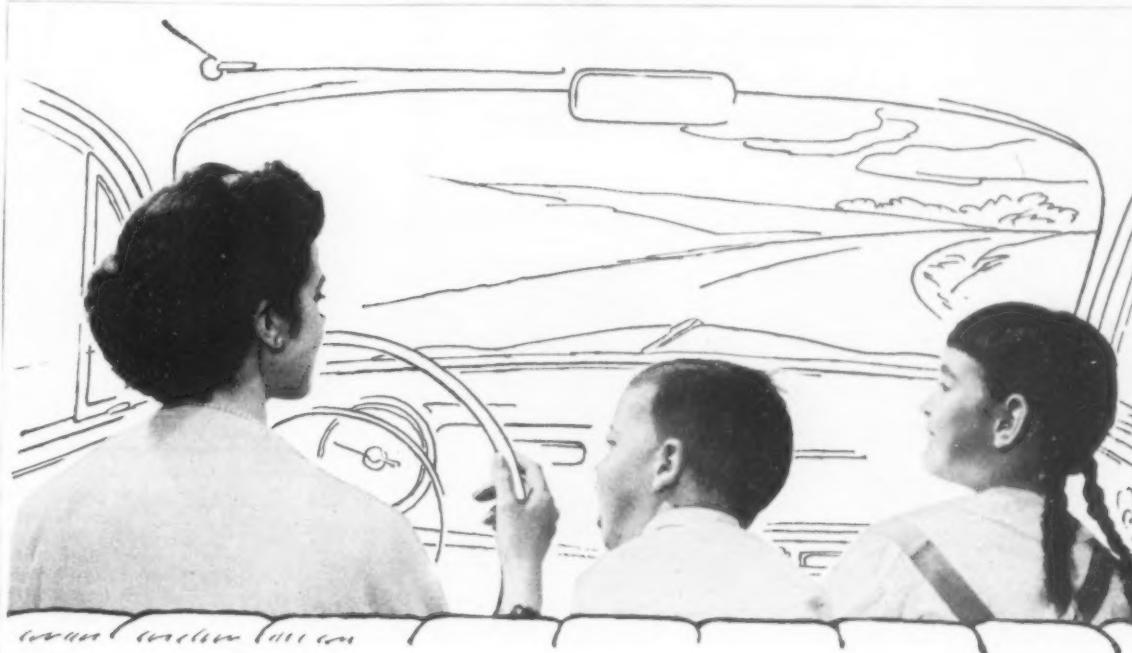
To this the fourth H for health was added. The movement began in Canada about 1912.

"To the best of our knowledge the only other 4-H movement in the world at that time was in the U.S.A.," says James D. Moore, secretary-manager of the Canadian Council on 4-H Clubs. "The movement there originated about 1908."

In 1931 the Canadian Council on 4-H Clubs was formed to co-ordinate the entire program. Today 32 national businesses, 12 national agricultural associations, and the federal and provincial departments of agriculture help finance the council's work, including the national 4-H club week. On the local scale, many small companies, businessmen, service clubs and private individuals provide money and volunteer leaders for 4-H clubs.

Any rural boy or girl, ten to 21, can join. There is no membership fee, as a rule, but each member must agree to carry out a project demonstrating better farming or homemaking. Thus he—and often his parents—learn through actual practice.

A 4-H club may deal with clothing,



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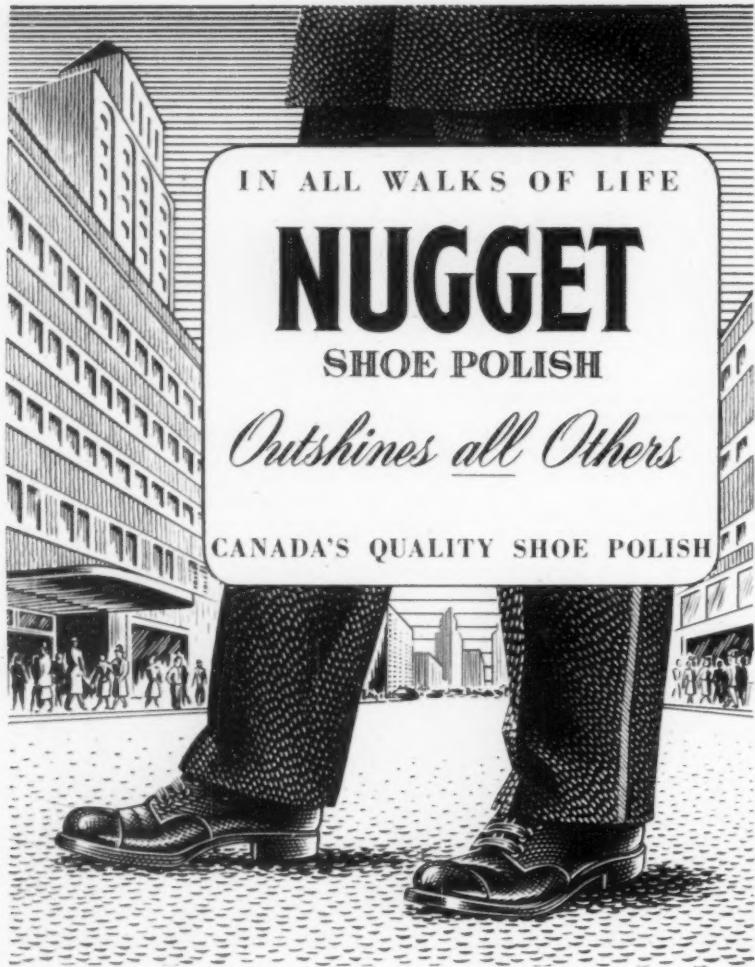
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RICE BREWED TO THE CANADIAN TASTE



food, gardening, dairy cattle, beef cattle, swine, poultry, grain, potatoes and tractor maintenance. Members meet formally six to eight times a year, usually in the local schoolhouse or some farmer's living room. Meetings follow parliamentary procedure. Each club member takes a turn at being chairman and many a gawky farm boy comes out of 4-H with a knowledge of public speaking. The members discuss general topics (cancer, for example) and current events. They hold dances, picnics and excursions. But primarily they specialize in the farm topic of their choice. They hear lectures and read books and pamphlets on the subject, all made available by the local university or department of agriculture. At the end of the year, members often voluntarily hold weekly study sessions to bone up on their subject. In a way, 4-H club membership is like a condensed university course in some phase of agriculture.

Each club member concentrates on a special project. In a dairy club it's raising a calf. On annual achievement day—the end of the club year—the calf is judged by experts. The young owner must then demonstrate his own judging ability as well as answer some fifty questions on agriculture, citizenship and world affairs. The two top point winners enter a provincial competition; the two provincial winners make the trip to Toronto for national 4-H club week, which coincides with the Royal Winter Fair.

There they spend a day competing with winners from other provinces: judging cattle and answering ten minutes of oral questions on 4-H work in general. Then they tour Toronto, Ottawa, Niagara Falls and the surrounding districts.

At the same time, provincial winners from poultry, grain, gardening and other types of 4-H clubs are also in competition. A province may enter a maximum of seven different club teams each year. Thus, out of the sixty-five thousand Canadian 4-H club members, only one hundred and forty or less can make the Toronto trip annually. But within a six-year span Jean, Joyce, Murray, Muriel, Ruth and Gail won it.

"No other family in Canada comes

anywhere near approaching that record," says council secretary-manager Moore. "It may not be equalled for years to come."

"They weren't any smarter than the others but they sure worked harder," says their former leader, Jack Lee, who now works for the Department of Agriculture.

Week after week the Hights tirelessly studied the art of exhibiting a calf: of leading it steadily, of keeping its feet out of holes and set squarely underneath it, so it will show to advantage before the judge; of nudging a lazy critter in the ribs to straighten out its backline; of watching the judge for the slightest signal or command.

Floral View barnyard was filled with Hights and calves marching in circles. Sometimes before a summer fair the eight Hights still tramp around the yard in the evening, rehearsing the prize cattle. Last year Muriel, a pretty brunette stenographer with the Prince Albert Agricultural Society, devoted most of her holidays to showing her father's cattle at the exhibitions.

4-H Builds Confidence

By 1946 the hard work was showing results. Jean and Joyce represented Saskatchewan dairy clubs at Toronto, placing eighth in the national standing. A Saskatoon team went east again the next year. On it, Robert Brack, now Joyce's husband, won the highest individual marks in Canada. Murray and Muriel were runners-up in 1949 and won the trip in 1950. The same year Ruth, now twenty and training to be a schoolteacher, went east on a poultry team. All three placed second in the national standings. A year later Gail, a slender 18-year-old student nurse, went down on a dairy team and placed third.

Now Anne, a 17-year-old high-school student, says, "If Alan and I don't win the trip we'll never live it down."

Already they're showing championship calibre. Last year Alan won first place in the Saskatoon dairy club but lost out in the provincial finals. By the time Anne and Alan are 21, Jean's son Gerald will be of 4-H age. Gerald's younger brother and sister will no

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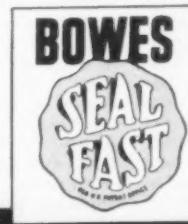
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doubt follow the family tradition.

But prizes aren't the sole object of 4-H participation for the Hights. "They put as much into it as they take out," says Jack Lee. "When I was leader, it was just natural to say 'We'll go to Hights,' when we wanted a place for a meeting or a picnic or a party."

Several achievement days have been held at Floral View Farm. Each year, no matter who wins the Saskatchewan dairy-club championship, all the Hights see the winners off to Toronto at the railway station. In April this year, the Saskatoon dairy club played host for a day to ninety members from three other clubs. Everybody went to Hights for lunch, naturally, and a half dozen stayed overnight.

The 4-H associations were good for Murray and Alan, who, like many farm boys, were once shy and unsure of themselves. Wiry, fair-haired Murray was quiet and practical, didn't care for sports at school, didn't take piano lessons when his brothers and sisters did.

"They used to memorize that school poem about daffodils," says Mrs. Haight, "and I'd tell them to try to picture a field of flowers. But Murray always said he couldn't picture them if they weren't there."

But the training and fellowship of 4-H exploited his practical side and gave him poise and assurance. "I realized that in 1950," says Jack Lee. "I was worried about Murray on that Toronto trip but on competition day he talked and joked with the judges like he'd known them all his life."

At one time chunky sunburned Alan was tongue-tied unless the conversation veered to football or baseball. But one day at a 4-H judging competition the members had to make a speech about judging cattle. "Al stood up and gave a dandy talk," says his father. "It floored me—I didn't think he could do it. Just the other day he was invited out to be guest speaker for another club."

With the Hights, 4-H became the basis for a rare father-son companionship. Like any parent Haight groans when his boys buy draped trousers and he teases Alan about his close-trimmed brush-cut. ("If the mosquitoes ever light on your head, Al, they'll bite right through that stuff.") But where cattle are concerned the talk is strictly man to man. The boys run the farm now. Haight advises them but listens to their viewpoints too.

The years of work and worry taxed Ralph and Sara Haight's health. Mrs. Haight, short, slow-spoken and still

shy, suffers from high blood pressure. Three years ago Ralph was bedridden for three months with a heart attack. He wanted to sell the herd then but the boys talked him out of it. Haight still wakes up at dawn and frets about the cows or the 1,100 acres of wheat, oats, barley and brome-alfalfa pasture. But there's no reason for worry. Four-H has made competent farmers of his sons.

Each morning they rise at five. By five-thirty they've crawled into blue-striped coveralls and walked the hundred yards to the high-roofed red barn. The black and white cud-chewing Holsteins stand in stanchions, with individual drinking fountains, on clean straw-covered floors. Among them, placidly unaware that she is a cow of distinction, is Cardigan Rag Apple Viking Rose-Rose, for short—who won three grand championships last summer.

In the barn Murray and Alan Haight become a well-trained team. With around thirty of the eighty Holsteins to be milked twice a day, every day of the year, there is no time for waste movement. Soon the barn is filled with the swish of hay tumbling from the loft, music from a mantel radio ("That's partly for us, partly for the cows") and the soft sucking sound of the pneumatic milking machine. It takes just three minutes for a machine to milk a cow.

While Alan feeds the herd chopped grain and hay, Murray and hired man Charlie Mears operate the machines, cleaning each cow's udder with hot soapy water before applying the pneumatic tubes. Soon 15 milk cans—about 480 quarts—are cooling in a tank of ice-cold water, awaiting pickup and delivery to a Saskatoon dairy.

The Family Grew Stronger

"In a well-organized barn you shouldn't spend more than an average of 16 minutes a day on a cow," says Alan. "That includes feeding, milking and cleaning the stables. Four-H taught us that."

More important, 4-H has strengthened the family's ties. Most farm families drift apart when the children grow up but not so with the Hights. Although five are now married or working away from home, the healthy handsome well-dressed children are all back at Floral View on week ends.

On Sundays they fill three pews at the weather-beaten little Floral United Church. In the kitchen they use a long blackboard to relay the countless telephone messages, random notes like "Pick up Gail at noon" or "Last one in turn out the yard light," or just to count up how many places to set for dinner.

As in most farm homes, everything including all meals—takes place in the kitchen. In 1937 Ralph built an eight-foot kitchen table but it's too short now. When family and in-laws are all home there are fifteen for dinner.

At dinnertime on week ends the kitchen table groans with pies, cookies, roast beef and of course milk. The air is full of chatter about jobs, dances, boy friends, girl friends and cattle. Generally Ralph Haight joins the banter but sometimes he sits back quietly and remembers a time when the family wasn't well-dressed or well-fed and the future didn't look so bright.

Then his eye takes in the laughing group around the table, the green pasture outside speckled with sleek black and white cows, the clean white barnyard fence and—the key to it all—the standard gateway sign which reads "A 4-H member lives here." Then Ralph Haight smiles with satisfaction and turns back to his noisy happy table. ★

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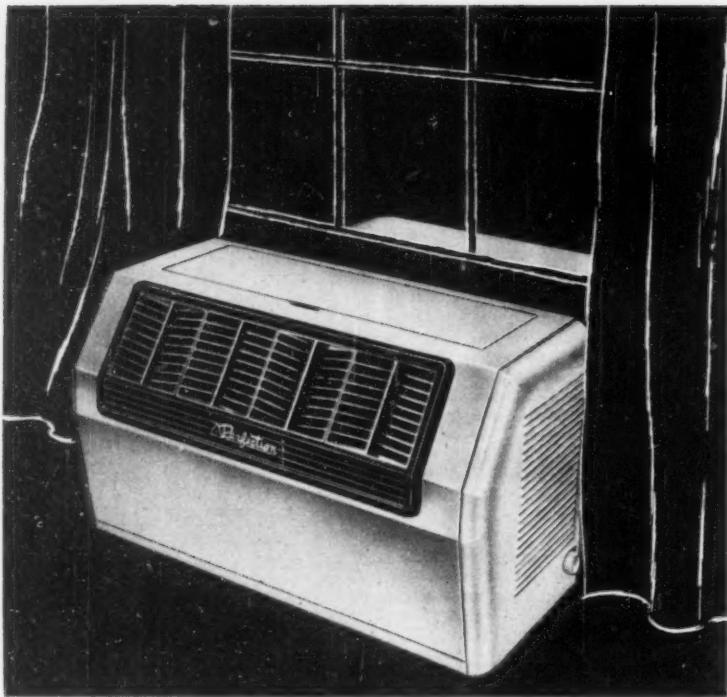
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Where Everybody Wants to Own an Island

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

the size of an anthill, can't be seen because it's completely covered by a one-room shack. Kenneth LaSha, a veteran captain of the Gananoque Boat Line, a company which operates ten cruisers and takes 50,000 visitors a year on short tours of the Thousand Islands, is often asked by a passenger, "Why would anybody want a place like that?" He has a ready answer. The owner of the shack, by dropping a hook and line from an open window, can enjoy the early morning fishing and catch his breakfast without getting out of bed.

LaSha's passengers ask the same question about the ruins of Boldt Castle. In this case the answer is more complicated. It lies partly in the strange soft island magic that stirs a man's imagination and impels him to surrender to his whims, and partly in the character of George C. Boldt, a mixture of hard-headed businessman and dewy-eyed romantic. Boldt made a fortune from his hotel chain, which included New York's Waldorf-Astoria and Philadelphia's Bellevue Stratford. On lovely tree-shaded Heart Island, one of the larger of the Thousand Islands on the U. S. side, midway between Cape Vincent and Morrisville, Boldt sank a million dollars of his fortune into an enormous stone castle with turrets and towers, ramparts and parapets. It was a love token for his wife and when she died in 1902 Boldt, brokenhearted, abandoned it.

By sunset or moonlight Boldt Castle still looks like an illustration from a book of fairy tales but in bright sunshine it's a pile of rubble, a sideshow for tourists, a desecrated shrine. Women in bulging slacks and men in T-shirts, cameras strung around their necks, pay their money and wander through it behind guides who bellow Boldt's love story in voices that shake the crumbling walls.

A man who builds a castle is a sitting duck for this sort of thing, but Boldt's massive folly, hidden away in the Thousand Islands, might have been left in lonely dignity if Boldt hadn't once had a long rakish yacht. He hired a chef named Oscar for the yacht and the enchanted atmosphere of Boldt's favorite haunt in the St. Lawrence inspired Oscar to create a new salad dressing. It was so good that Boldt, as a conscientious hotelman, decided he couldn't keep either it or Oscar for himself. Oscar became the celebrated Oscar of the Waldorf. The dressing went on the menus of Boldt's hotels as Thousand Island dressing and gradually gained a spot on all North American hotel menus and in all cookbooks.

The Thousand Islands, until then, had been primarily a warm-weather retreat of the very rich, who guarded their preserve jealously, and among whom were several U. S. industrialists. The local legend is that they threatened to switch the freight from their factories to other lines if the New York Central laid rails to Alexandria Bay, the handiest jumping-off place on the U. S. side. Whether this is true or false, the New York Central came no closer to Alexandria Bay than Redwood, a village seven miles to the south. The rich may have been able to block the railway but when the menus and cookbooks whetted the curiosity of millions who had never heard of the Thousand Islands before, just as cars and highway travel were growing popular, they were unable to stem the tide of motorists.

The influx began shortly before

World War I. Motorists, in those days of mud roads, cranks, few gasoline pumps and many punctures, were an intrepid breed not to be intimidated by a handful of multimillionaires. With much backfiring, excitement and boltng of frightened horses they descended on Alexandria Bay. They likewise descended on the elderly and amiable town of Gananoque, on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, which calls itself "The Gateway to the Thousand Islands." They parked their gas buggies and haggled for rowboats and canoes and journeyed forth to see where the salad dressing came from.

They saw Boldt Castle. They saw Calumet Castle, an equally elaborate job thrust up by the tobacco fortune of Charles G. Emory, of New York City. They saw Castle Rest, built by the sleeping-car millions of George Pullman and a replica of Castle Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine. They saw an island that had been owned by the sinister Boss Tweed of New York and heard lurid tales of wild orgies that had gone on there. They saw H. Stillwell's St. Helena. Stillwell, a wealthy New Yorker who was an avid admirer of Napoleon, had searched until he found an island that was much like the island where Napoleon died, had changed its name to St. Helena, and had dressed it up so it would be a facsimile of the real thing, complete with the emperor's tomb.

The motorists also saw why the rich liked the archipelago, for they found much more there than fantastic castles. The crystal water was alive with fish, ducks rose ahead of their boats and whirred through the sky, gulls wheeled around tufts of spruce and pine. White birches cast their pale reflection on the glassy surface, there were sandy beaches, and the hot summer air was cooled by the great broad river. And there were hundreds and hundreds of unoccupied islands, each with its own individual charm, each crying for a cottage. Soon, the rush was on. The era of the plutocrats was ending and average people were buying islands, moving in, putting up shelters and discovering, as Harold McGuire has since discovered, that an island is different from other real estate, that it makes a man know how a king feels.

Islands Once Were Cheap

Roughly a thousand of the 1,768 islands are on the Canadian side and most of them then belonged to the federal government, which had taken them over from Indians and transferred the Indians to reservations on the mainland. They had been for sale right along if anybody wanted them; now the bidding was so brisk that they nearly all passed to private hands. But Ottawa hung on to eleven of them, which are designated as the St. Lawrence Islands Park, all within easy reach of Gananoque, and are today equipped with docks, fireplaces and picnic tables. They have clearings where campers can pitch tents and stay as long as they wish. An island can be bought from time to time as private owners put them up for sale, usually reluctantly and for personal reasons. Recently an island containing a large stone-and-frame home went for \$7,000. Smaller islands, with smaller cottages, are of course cheaper.

The U. S. islands, more than 700 of them, were deeded by the State of New York to Col. Elisha Camp, of Sacket Harbor, N.Y., a century and a half ago, when it was the custom to recognize military service with grants of land. In 1845 they were sold for \$3,000 to Azariah Walton and Chesterfield Parsons, two American businessmen with an eye for real-estate speculation.



Subsequently a number of companies acquired groups of them. They profited immensely selling an occasional island to the wealthy; now, with the roaring demand for islands, their profits were staggering. New York State, which had given the islands to Camp, was one of the customers, buying nine back to establish public camp sites.

In Gananoque, an industrial centre which used to style itself the "Birmingham of Canada," W. J. (Billy) Wilson sensed the implications of what was happening in 1913, which was the year he opened a garage. Pioneer tourists, stopping for gas and repairs, peppered the tall young man with enquiries about the Thousand Islands. Billy Wilson, who was later to serve 24 years on the Gananoque Council, all but ten of them as mayor, and who is now honorary mayor of Gananoque for life, went out preaching that the tourist business would be a mighty big thing and that Gananoque should climb on the band wagon. He was a reliable prophet. Catering to vacationists is now as important to Gananoque as its small but busy factories, which manufacture furniture, electrical instruments, rivets, fabricated steel products, axles, auto springs, plastic hose, shovels and baby food.

Wilson persuaded Gananoque to drop the Birmingham slogan and label itself The Gateway. He encouraged his fellow citizens, and outsiders too, to invest in summer hotels, cabins, and, more recently, in motels. Gananoque is now pretty sure it has more accommodations for visitors than any other place its size. Its winter population, 4,600, swells to 10,000 in the summer when residents of adjacent islands, who do their shopping in Gananoque, are counted. With its factories Gananoque should be a miniature Birmingham, smudgy and drab, but with its tourists it escapes this fate and is a gay happy-go-lucky kind of community which, from June to September, catches the contagious holiday mood of strangers who crowd its streets.

In this season, dry-goods stores like Wright's fill their windows with imported tweeds and \$70 vicuna sweaters, and china stores bring out their Royal Doulton and Wedgwood, and grocers like William Hawke stock fancy delicacies and red-brand T-bones. On the corners, schoolboys earn pocket money selling excursion tickets for the Gananoque Boat Line. So do old-age pensioners. Their enthusiastic shouts add to the carnival air and the general din and, as long as they stay within reasonable bounds, Honorary Mayor Wilson, who usually wears a cherry-

red necktie, and Mayor Donald Carmichael, the proprietor of a welding shop, look on with approval.

Kenneth LaSha and other skippers who take sight-seers from Gananoque out through the Thousand Islands on excursion boats—fast craft that seat up to 90—maintain the carnival spirit. They are showmen as well as expert pilots. Wheel in one hand and microphone in the other, LaSha talks constantly in a bantering tone. He tells his passengers that the international boundary, where it runs through the Thousand Islands, is the crookedest political line in the world. He explains how it was drawn by a boundary commission after the American Revolution in such a way that it would wiggle drunkenly through the main channels without touching any of the islands, how rumrunners capitalized on its eccentricities in prohibition days, and how it confuses anglers so badly that the more cautious of them play safe by obtaining both New York and Ontario licenses, so they won't be arrested for fishing in New York with an Ontario license or in Ontario with a New York license.

He announces that the St. Lawrence is remarkably pure because it flows over rocks. "I've been drinking right out of the St. Lawrence for 59 years," he says thumping his chest, "and the older I am the younger I feel." When the chuckle this prompts dies, he adds, "The St. Lawrence is so extraordinarily clear that if you look closely you're likely to see the boundary line painted on the bottom." There is always a gullible passenger who looks closely, thereby teeing off a good-natured guffaw.

LaSha, for the two and a half hours of the trip, chatters about the castles and the men who built them. He swings by the "shortest international bridge" in North America, a footbridge which connects Zavikon Island in the U. S. with a sister island dozen yards away in Canada, and he swings in under the towering seven-mile Thousand Islands International Peace Bridge, the longest international bridge, which has its centre piers planted firmly on islands. He points out posh estates with seaplanes tied up at their wharves, he points out beaches decorated with pretty girls and comments on the fine scenery, he tells about the 165-pound sturgeon that was landed recently, and about muskies that tip the scales at 55 pounds, and about giant pike and voracious bass.

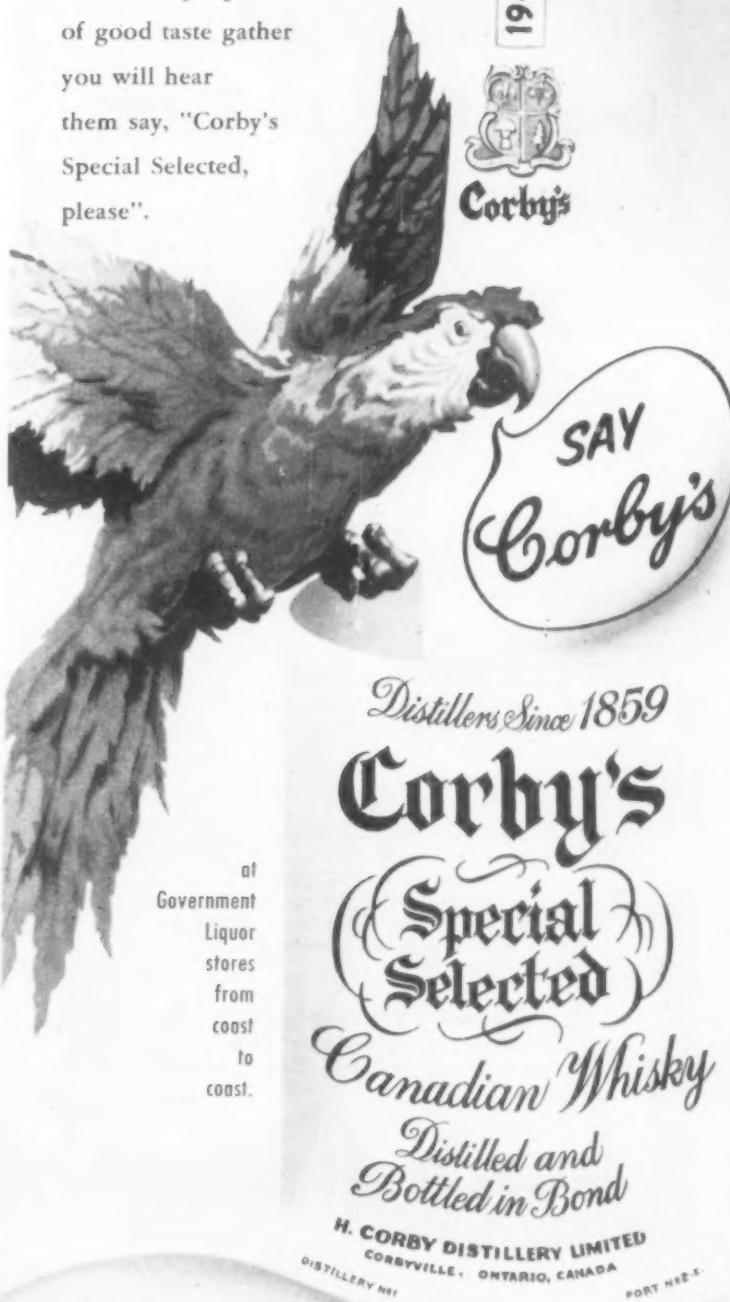
LaSha's passengers see tiny Tom Thumb Island, a mere pinhead, and they see Wolfe Island which is 21

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miles long and seven miles wide and has dairy farms on it as well as cottages. They see the imposing Thousand Islands Country Club on Wellesley Island, which has an 18-hole golf course, an airport for guests who arrive in their own planes, a Hollywood-style swimming pool and a Florida-style hotel. On Wellesley they also see a 1,500-acre farm which once belonged to George Boldt and now belongs to Edward J. Noble, chairman of the board of the American Broadcasting Company and of the company that makes candy Life Savers. As in Boldt's day, suckling pigs from this farm still turn up on the dining tables of New York's Waldorf.

LaSha circles in by Clayton, Gananoque's opposite number on the U. S. side, and around Alexandria Bay, where the boat traffic is so heavy at the height of the season that New York State troopers direct it from patrol cutters. He jabs a thumb at a Great Lakes freighter passing in the distance, now visible, now disappearing behind an island, now visible again. He toots cheerful greetings at the excursion boats of rival lines that operate out of other communities in the Thousand Islands area.

He toots, too, at Mickey Brennan, the nautical mailman who every summer weekday for years and years has nosed his launch out of Gananoque with mail for island residents. Mickey, who will deliver ice, milk and fresh meat with the mail for a modest consideration, is as much an institution in the Thousand Islands as Boldt Castle. He lives on an island himself and just goes ashore to pick up his daily cargo.

LaSha also has a polite toot of salutation for another Thousand Islands institution, the venerable scholar and all-year-round island dweller Frank Eames, who is now 85 but still as sturdy and bright-eyed and active as a man half his age. Eames is caretaker of an estate on Forsyth Island, on the Canadian side, but his real interest is in the past. In his small neat bungalow, with his 85-year-old wife at his side, he spends his spare time reading and writing.

Eames is happiest browsing through his collection of rare books, one of which was printed in 1470. The oldest of the volumes are in Latin, which Eames translates easily. He taught himself to read archaic French so he could translate all that the first French explorers and settlers wrote about the Thousand Islands. He also learned Iroquoian and produced a monograph to prove that Gananoque "is a form of spelling based on primitive words and dialect compounds, originating from the Onondaga tribal tongue of the Iroquoian Nations, reproduced through the medium of French expression, to its present form with an English suffix," and that what the word means is "the door to the flint at the mountain." Honorary Mayor Wilson, the ardent booster of tourism, doesn't speak Iroquoian but has an idea that Eames erred in his research. Wilson insists that Gananoque means "place of health." But, in all other matters, he has a high regard for Eames' erudition, and so has everybody else.

The spry but dignified old gentleman has forgotten more about the Thousand Islands than most Thousand Islanders ever knew. He can recite Thomas Moore's Canadian Boat-Song and tell how the famed Irish poet visited the islands in 1804 and went home and wrote:

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast.
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

He can reel off Longfellow's Hiawatha and explain why there is no doubt that the Thousand Islands were the setting of the legend. He can quote passages from The Pathfinder, the novel by James Fenimore Cooper, which had its culminating scenes in the Thousand Islands. He knows where the Indians chipped their stone weapons, where the islands are that have mounds containing the bones of long-dead Indians, where the rocks are that prehistoric Indians decorated with crude paintings.

He knows about the mystery of Maple Island, where a stranger was murdered in 1865. As detectives pieced the crime together later, the man had been hired by a secret society in the Southern States to assassinate Abraham Lincoln, had accepted payment, and had run out without doing the job. His employers trailed him to Maple Island, where he was hiding, and closed his mouth forever.

Frank Eames knows, too, that if Napoleon hadn't died on St. Helena when he did, he might actually have become a resident of the Thousand Islands. Napoleon's brother Joseph, ex-King of Naples and Spain, was drifting around the islands then, as were several of Napoleon's refugee generals. With U. S. sympathizers they cooked up a plot to raid St. Helena, snatch Napoleon from the British, and bring him to the islands on the U. S. side. But cancer killed Napoleon and canceled out their plan.

A Free and Easy Life

While Napoleon was never to see the St. Lawrence archipelago he contributed unwittingly to its tourist attractions. There is not only St. Helena, N.Y., the late Mr. Stillwell's replica of St. Helena in the South Atlantic. There is also, on the Canadian side, one of the oddest summer cottages ever built. Kenneth LaSha steers his excursion boat close to it.

"That," he announces, "is Napoleon's Hat."

His passengers gape, then laugh, for the weird structure is exactly like Napoleon's favorite bonnet. It looks crazy. It looks, at the same time, jaunty and uninhibited and carefree and kind of nice. It tells the beholder that in the islands, a man doesn't have to conform with the pattern set by his neighbors. If he wants to live in Napoleon's Hat, that's his business and it's all right. If he wants to paint his cottage scarlet with yellow polka dots, that's okay too. Nobody has yet, but somebody may. For the free and easy atmosphere of the islands, each of them an independent domain, a fortress surrounded by a moat, a little kingdom, sparks strange fancies and encourages people to do as they please.

Anywhere else, a shore dinner consists of fish. In the Thousand Islands, where there are so many fish and so many anglers, shore dinners are traditional but the main course isn't fish—it's beefsteak.

John McCarney, of the Gananoque Inn, arranges a lot of the shore dinners. "Most anglers," he shrugs, "want to sink their teeth into a juicy sirloin. So why should they eat fish, just because they're anglers and it's a shore dinner? They can always send their fish home to their friends."

Such are the Thousand Islands, where a man doesn't have to abide by convention and eat pike when he prefers steak—the perverse and beautiful and enchanted Thousand Islands where Harold McGuire, factory kind, and a multitude of others, have grabbed a dream by the tail. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

Committee recommended that the marriage be dissolved, and the Senate duly passed a bill to that effect. With a large batch of others it went to the Miscellaneous Private Bills Committee of the House of Commons, where it was passed without comment. It then went to the House of Commons for enactment into law.

THE ONLY REASON it didn't pass the House of Commons was that Erhart Regier, a CCF member from British Columbia, happened to notice that he didn't receive the evidence in this case until after the case itself had gone through the Commons committee.

Regier was annoyed—with the Senate for not sending the evidence on time, and with himself for not noticing that he had passed a contested case without reading it. He made a point of reading every word before the bill came up in the House.

As he read, his eyes popped. The evidence of the two comic-opera "detectives" and the curiously co-operative co-respondent struck him as preposterous. He demanded in the House that the bill be sent back to the Commons committee for re-examination; it was.

When the committee met to hear the case the lawyer for the husband turned up to say the divorce petition had been withdrawn. He said the evidence had turned out to be false, the investigators and the co-respondent a trio of phonies. So the divorce bill was dropped. Presumably, the husband is still paying \$40 a week for the support of his wife and child.

Later the CCF enquired of Hon. S. S. Garson, Minister of Justice, whose responsibility it was to lay charges of perjury in a case like this. Garson said it was a matter for the attorney-general of Ontario, though he agreed that the attorney-general would be unlikely to read Senate divorce cases. The senators, of course, might draw any such case to his attention if they wished.

So far, no senator has drawn this or any similar perjury case to the attorney-general's notice. Neither has the Government signified any intention either of amending the divorce procedure, or of improving the Senate Divorce Committee.

AT THE GENEVA CONFERENCE Chester Ronning, now Canadian Minister to Norway but formerly chargé d'affaires at Nanking, gave his fellow members of the Canadian delegation an object lesson in the subtleties of Oriental diplomacy.

Ronning used to know Chou En-lai, Red China's Foreign Minister, fairly well. On the first day of the conference

Chou En-lai gave him an elaborate bow and smile of recognition; Ronning knew this meant he would be receiving a call from the Chinese delegation.

Sure enough, a Chinese delegate duly turned up—another man whom Ronning had known well in the old days. Ronning speaks fluent Chinese; the Chinese delegate speaks fluent English. Bystanders were astonished, therefore, when the Chinese delegate addressed his old acquaintance in rather laborious German.

Ronning himself was enlightened but not surprised.

"It was a way of indicating the terms on which we met," he explained later. "If he had spoken to me in English, that would have been too much a concession on his part. To speak to me in Chinese would be a concession of a different kind—over-familiar, treating me as one of the family. He knew I could speak German, so he used the neutral language to let me know where we stood."

Some Canadian delegates feel the dark side of the Geneva Conference, and of this whole disastrous spring in South-East Asia, has been rather over-emphasized. Geneva was the most confusing, discouraging, depressing conference since the war, but it was not, they say, the total failure that most Canadians seem to think it.

No settlement was reached, for example, on Korea, but no realist expected one. The realistic objective was to maintain the present truce and contrive some basis for continued negotiation. This was done. The Canadians are satisfied now, as they were not satisfied before Geneva, that President Syngman Rhee of South Korea can't renew the fighting if he fails to get his own way, and they regard this as no inconsiderable gain.

They don't take a Pollyanna view of the defeat in Indo-China but they do say they weren't surprised. Canadian observers have never counted on a French victory, so they don't regard an armistice along a line of partition as an unanticipated catastrophe.

Instead of looking on the last three months as cause for despair Canadian policy-makers regard the next three months as critical. Without being overly hopeful they think it's still possible—and increasingly important—to bring the United States and the other Allies together in a common policy for Asia.

British and American policies now have several important points in common. The Americans want a collective security pact for South-East Asia, similar to NATO—so do the British. The Americans want to stop further Communist encroachments on the free countries of Asia—so do the British. But on the means, the timing and to some extent on the purpose of these mutually desired arrangements, the British and the Americans are far apart.

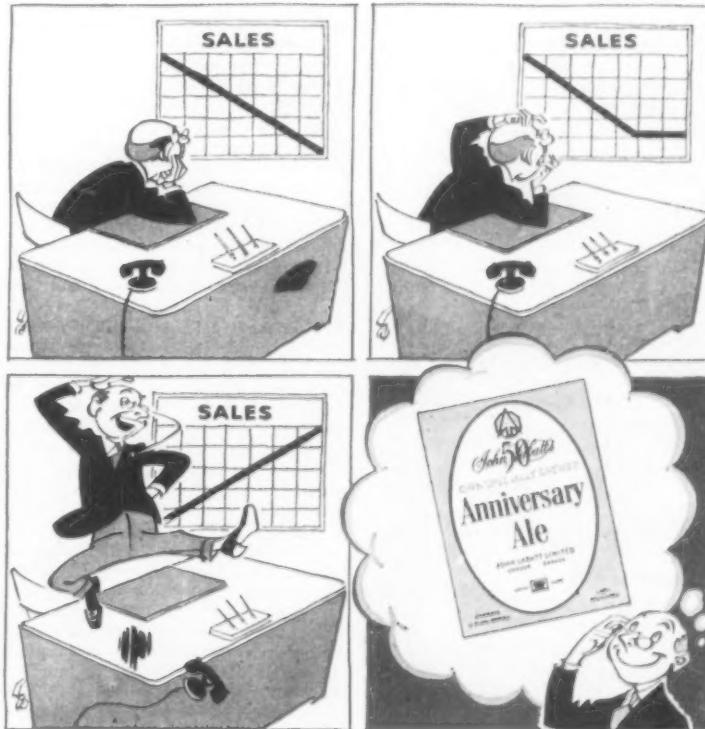
The U. S. idea of a South-East Asia

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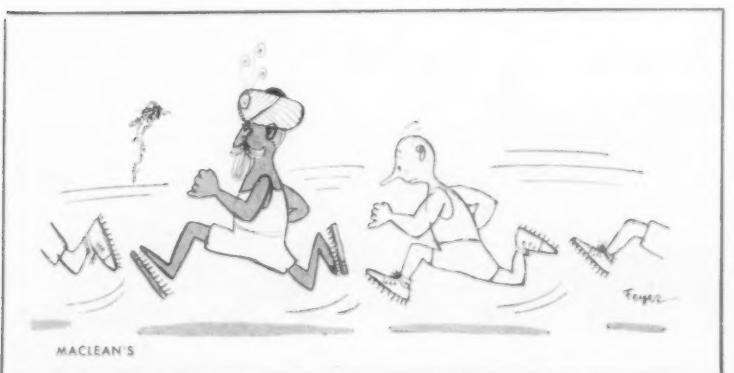


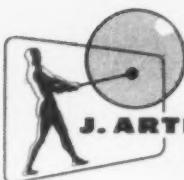
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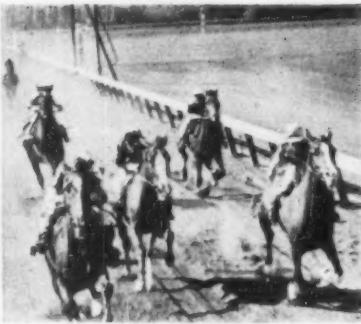
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Treaty Organization seems to be three Western great powers—the U. S., Britain, France—plus such little Asian countries as Thailand, the Philippines, Burma and whatever is left of Indo-China. They don't want India. Some Americans have said bluntly to the British: "If you insist on inviting Nehru we'll invite Chiang Kai-shek."

Another point of difference is the terms of the proposed Asian treaty. The North Atlantic Alliance says a military attack on any partner shall be regarded as an attack upon all. Americans seem to want to go further in Asia—to have a treaty which would be a kind of Holy Alliance, guaranteeing each member not only against aggression but against internal revolt. In effect, this would prop up any Asian regime which calls itself anti-Communist.

Moreover some Americans, in disquietingly high places, seem to want nothing less than the overthrow of the Communist regime in China. They look upon any negotiated settlement with the present Chinese Government as undesirable and immoral and, although they don't actually advocate war on the Chinese mainland, they are not particularly upset by the prospect.

CANADIANS are quite hopeful that these militant missionaries may be quelled by the U. S. election campaign this summer. They're convinced that neither the U. S. Congress nor the American people would support a policy of armed adventure in China; they think perhaps the Democrats may do enough talking about "Eisenhower's war" to make Republicans think for cover.

Meanwhile they think everything possible should be done this summer, while the rainy season brings a lull in the fighting, to bring the nations of Asia into any Asian treaty.

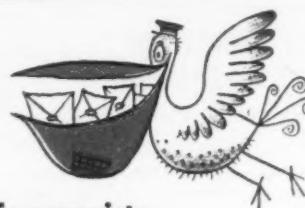
This is by no means a single-ended problem. Nehru's dislike and suspicion of Washington are just as strong by now as Washington's of him. Also there are obvious difficulties about setting up a defense organization which shall include, as allies, two such bitter foes as India and Pakistan.

However, some Canadian observers think the Communist victories in Indo-China have brought new fears, and perhaps a new sobriety, into the foreign offices of Asia. They think now is the time to put the whole discussion of a South-East Asia Treaty on a new, broader basis. So they are working on both sides of this deplorably wide gulf to get an arrangement by which, even if the larger powers of Asia are not included for the present, they at least may not feel themselves deliberately excluded.

THE CANADIAN Government, by the way, has not the slightest intention of entering a South-East Asia Treaty Organization—nor, they say, has any other country so much as hinted that Canada should join. This is a regional pact, like NATO. Australia and New Zealand are not members of NATO, nor will Canada be a member of SEATO.

Liberals were startled but delighted, therefore, when Conservative John Diefenbaker demanded that the Government accept this commitment forthwith. Diefenbaker was speaking as Opposition critic in the debate on foreign affairs; two days later George Hees, national president of the Progressive Conservative Association, repeated the demand in a speech outside parliament. Quebec Liberals intend to quote both speeches as evidence that a Conservative government would involve Canada in regional disputes in all parts of the world. ★

MAILBAG



Hero Worship and Ex-Communists

white and blue laterally instead of perpendicularly I depicted the flag of the Netherlands rather than the Tricolor I intended."

Dresden and Uncle Tom

Margaret K. Zieman in writing, The Story Behind the Real Uncle Tom (June 1), must have been low on literary fare when she whipped up the sketch and served it on a Dresden plate. If the account itself contains as many inaccuracies as the impression she creates of the townspeople of Dresden, Ont., then she owes her readers a whopping apology. Having ministered within the Dresden area for a number of years, I venture to say that the inter-racial relationships of long standing there are as cordial as any which might have been practiced by the writer herself had she been a Dresden resident.—The Rev. F. R. Anderson, Montreal.

The Lowdown on Nelson's Column

Might I correct the statement made by McKenzie Porter in Twenty-Four Hours in the Old Quarter (of Montreal), May 1, that my great-grandfather Edward Hodges Baily was "the architect" of the Trafalgar Square, London, Nelson Column and as such copied the previously constructed Montreal monument. W. Railton was architect of the column. Landseer was sculptor of the lions. E. H. Baily was the sculptor who did the figure of Nelson on the column, and to say that such famous artists copied the previous work of others is ridiculous.—Maude Baily Milner, Edmonton.

In a reference to Joe Beef, the eccentric barkeeper of a former generation, Porter states that when his funeral was over a military band fulfilled his last request. Outside the tavern they played for his widow, The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Friends who professed to know of this incident, particularly the late Arthur Racey, Montreal's famous cartoonist, claim it took place not at Joe's funeral, but following that of his first wife. I have also been told that Joe was much surprised to learn that this performance was supposed to be in keeping with his unconventional nature, and that he meant no disrespect to his wife, whose sister, by the way, he afterward married...—Andrew Patterson, Montreal. ★



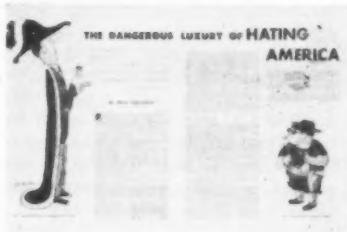
Cartoonist George Feyer recreates a famous—but disputed—musical wake.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

A Low Bow to Our Award Winners



The Firing Squad by Colin McDougall was named the best story of the year.



Bruce Hutchison's Dangerous Luxury was named best article of the year.

ROUND about this time of year we usually find ourselves in a position to congratulate many of our contributors who've won awards for their work over the past twelve months. This year we're happy to note that there seem to be even more congratulations due than ever.

Maclean's writers this year won two of the coveted President's Medals awarded by the University of Western Ontario. We're particularly proud because the writers here were competing against material published in magazines all over the world. In the opinion of the judges the best article and the best fiction story written by a Canadian last year both appeared in Maclean's.

Congratulations, then, to Bruce Hutchison for his article, The Dangerous Luxury of Hating America, and to Colin McDougall for his short story, The Firing Squad. The Hutchison article, incidentally, was later reprinted by a U. S. magazine and is now in book form. The Firing Squad, you'll remember, won Maclean's Short Story Contest.

And our felicitations to Norman J. Berrill who has been awarded the Governor-General's Medal for creative non-fiction with his scientific-philosophic exposition, Sex and the Nature of Things. Dr. Berrill is a frequent contributor to these pages.

Two of our women contributors, Margaret K. Zieman and Marjorie Wilkins Campbell, have been awarded honorable mentions in the Canadian Women's Press Club con-

test for the best article by a woman. Both articles, Mrs. Zieman's Nellie was a Lady Terror and Mrs. Campbell's The Biggest Kitchen Garden in the World, appeared in Maclean's.

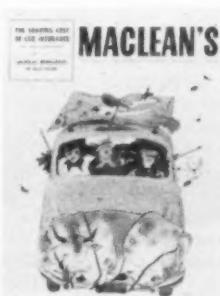
Maclean's has also received seven awards for its photography, layout and art work. The man who swept the field was James Hill, whom we wrote about not long ago in one of these columns. Remember the new process we described using colored plastic sheets? Hill won two top awards for his use of this method to illustrate Earle Birney's short story, Enigma in Ebony. From the Toronto Art Directors' Club he received a medal award, and from the Montreal Art Directors' Club an editorial plaque award. Hill also received a merit award for his cover on our March 1 issue from Montreal.

Our art director, Gene Aliman, and photographer Paul Rockett both received merit awards from Montreal for the illustrations and layouts accompanying June Callwood's article, A Day in an Operating Room. Aliman received a second award for his lively four-color layout accompanying Ken Johnstone's article, The Girl who Became Melissa Hayden. And Oscar Cahen, who has been painting Maclean's covers and receiving awards for them for several years, received another one this year at Montreal.

To all these talented people we direct a low editorial bow and our thanks and appreciation for a job well done. ★



Aliman, Rockett won art honors for this treatment.



This Oscar Cahen cover took a Montreal award.



This cover scored one of James Hill's three wins.



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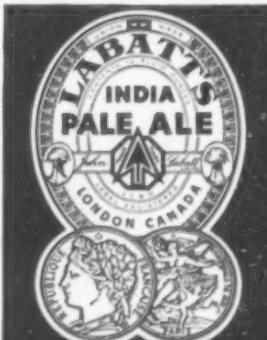
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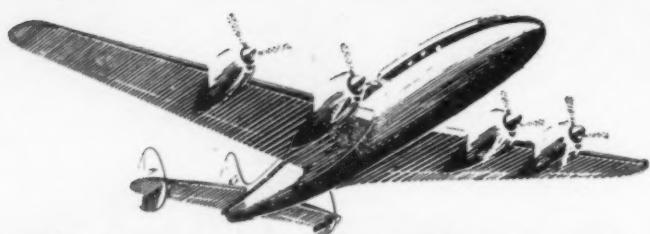
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FROM this vantage point, summer seems to be off to a wonderful start. When a Port Arthur girl's fiance was involved in a two-car collision she denied that he could have gone through a stop signal, "because he was kissing me on the red light." An energetic householder in Waterloo, Ont., excavating for a new septic tank, hacked his way through seven feet of soil and tangled tree roots, pausing only when a Bell Telephone crew arrived to find why an underground cable had gone dead leaving 28 of his neighbors speechless. In Edmonton an optimistic restaurant operator advertised for a "fully equipped waitress," though we don't know if he found her. After a dining-room window in her Nova Scotia home seemed suddenly to explode a Maritime housewife discovered a sporty new centerpiece arranged in her best salad bowl on the buffet—a handsome brown partridge with a broken neck. And in Preston, Ont., where many folks find new zest in taking the waters, a drunk knocked at the door of a Shantz Hill resident

The Medicine Hat woman who saw this happen at her own front door had been trying and trying to get a plumber for a minor repair job, before the man finally arrived one morning at 9 a.m. Her cheery beam of welcome widened to a gape as she saw a dignified matron alight from the



truck and follow the plumber up the walk. The stranger's eyes only narrowed when she became aware of the amazement she was causing and her jaw stuck out more determinedly than ever as she burst out, "I've been trying to get this man to put up a stove for me for days, so this morning I went around to his shop and climbed into his truck and I intend to stay right with him until he comes to my place and does the job."

And by the look on the plumber's face he knew he was licked.



and asked that police be requested to come and pick him up, along with his equally inebriated friend. The resident complied and so did police.

The trouble with righteous indignation is that it so easily backfires. That's what happened to the householder in the East York section of Metropolitan Toronto who demanded that police pounce on the thoughtless car parkers who were always blocking his driveway. The traffic squad car patrolled the street so persistently that the very next night the complainant came home for supper to find the whole street clear, including his driveway. He didn't bother to put his car in just then, though, having an evening engagement; and went out after dinner to find a ticket on his own car, parked right in front of his own house, on the wrong side of the street.

A Vancouver woman has a squirrel necklace with which she's very pleased except that one tail has been broken off. Setting out on a tour of furriers to seek a replacement she was so discouraged to find no available tail tips of matching size and shape that she plunged into a crowded bakeshop to smother her sorrow in a chocolate eclair. Here she was almost bowled over by another woman making her way out of the store, who knocked her hat askew and almost tore the squirrels right off her neck. It wasn't until our shopper finally boarded a homebound bus, settled her parcels on the seat and pulled her necklace properly back into place that she discovered with disbelief that one of her squirrels held in its mouth a perfectly matching tail tip, apparently snagged from a necklace worn by the female bulldozer in the bakery.

Our collection of rare and useful signs now includes a tourist greeting from Belleville, Ont., WORMS TURN LEFT AT NEXT CORNER, and a highway warning outside Arborfield, Sask.—DRIVE SLOWLY AND HELP US PROTECT OUR LITTLE TAX DEDUCTIONS. And then there's one that almost got away (an embarrassed window dresser was snatching it from view even as our Vancouver Parade scout spotted it)—WOMEN'S SHOES SPECIAL . . . GOOD FOR STREET WALKING.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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That's right—imagine the chaos if the farmer didn't heed the call of the alarm clock. Pigs and poultry clamoring for feed; crops waiting to be planted or harvested; cows bawling at the gate to be fed and milked—and less bacon, bread, milk and butter on the breakfast tables of the rest of us.

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The farmer's hard work does more than provide a good breakfast for fifteen million Canadians—it creates more than two and a half billion dollars of cash income that enables farmers to buy a great deal from the people in towns and cities who buy farm products.



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